

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

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Things in General.

THIS is a period of conventions, international and otherwise, and Toronto seems to be a favorite place of meeting. I am entirely in sympathy with all efforts to organize wage-workers so that disadvantages of birth, education and financial opportunity shall not cause the man who goes to the office for an envelope to be unduly disciplined or tyrannically used. It is an adage that labor has no country and unionism recognizes no boundary lines. To a certain extent this has been proved to be as great a fallacy as the Declaration of Independence which alleges that "all men were born free and equal." With many reasons for the exclusion of the Oriental races we find it hard to justify our posture when we take John Chinaman by the neck and throw him out of the village. The country which has officially declared that "all men are free and equal" is foremost in the endeavor to exclude the copper-colored Oriental. The workmen of that country are the ones who are responsible for the lack of hospitality which is shown to the heathen when he comes to be Christianized and to partake of the good things of "God's country." In the recent convention of the Iron Moulders in this city, delegates from the Southern States urged the exclusion of the "nigger" from the union. I use the word "nigger" advisedly, for perhaps few Canadians have a better appreciation of the good side of the black man's character than has been taught me by my contact with him. To the Southerner he is a "nigger," a person to be fraternized with as a servant but to be excluded from the same Public school as that used by the whites and to be refused admittance to the car in which the white man rides either on the street or the steam railway. Owing to the blackness of his skin and certain defects which are said to be inherent to those of his race, he is refused admittance either to the places of education, spiritual advancement or industrial benefits, which are used by the whites.

This tendency to put the nigger in the road and let him freeze was shown in the international brotherhood of which I am speaking, but fortunately for Canada's reputation it was not successful. It sounds strange to hear workmen talk of brotherhoods in which the color of the skin makes so much difference! The idea of brotherhood and of Christianity at once falls to the ground when we attempt these distinctions. Personally one may have very strong prejudices against taking either the Chinaman, the Jap, the negro, the Dago, or the illiterate and possibly inconsiderate foreigner into the family or into social contact. Such a prejudice is quite unblameworthy in the individual, but in a Brotherhood, the Church, or what we call Civilization, these distinctions should not exist. If the white race cannot hold its own in municipal, Christian, industrial or social organizations, then the white race has to go, for nowhere can we find any special act of God or enactment of man which provides that the fairness of one's complexion is to be a certificate of eligibility for heaven or the proper ground for issuing a union card in the matter of employment. Such extraordinary and narrow-minded propositions simply destroy all pretenses of an equality amongst those who have a right to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." Dogs pester us on the street, ill-mannered white people make life disagreeable, the dishonest fail to pay their debts, and the criminal robs us of our little store; the man who cannot speak our language is unpleasant to meet, and if we cannot speak his language the unhappiness is mutual. Some people can make more money than others, some people can live on less than others, but the world after all belongs to the human race without regard to their ancestry or previous condition of servitude. If in Christian countries the nigger and the Chinaman are to be barred, then let us remove from our code anything alleging that our statute makers are the followers of the meek and lowly Nazarene or believers in the doctrine of the apostles who were not ashamed to ride and talk with, or to baptize the Ethiopian, much as he was. There is a very serious weakness in civilization which will have to be removed before even the veneer which we call perfect culture will have anything but a nominal value.

THE civic statesmen of Toronto have determined that the life of John Chinaman in this vicinity is too easy. This may not have occurred to the average citizen, but the average citizen is slow in thinking out great schemes for the amelioration of the taxpayer. The suggestion that all the laundries be taxed fifty dollars a year in the shape of a license is intended to outline the finish of Wun Lung, and Ching Foo, and Wo Suey. These coons are to be moved out of Toronto in order that the washlady and those who run a steam plant may get the best of it. Personally I have not the slightest tendency to look upon the Chinese alien as a benefit to the community. He is not nice to look at, and his business manners are too mild to be manly. But just why in a free country the aldermen of a city like Toronto should try to chase away a few Mongolians who are working at a small wage, while all the other laborers are on strike for more money than the public can afford to pay them, seems a strange proposition. The missionary societies, who are always passing the plate and endeavoring by hard-luck stories and pathetic descriptions to raise a fund to educate the Chinese, either ought to go out of business or the aldermen who wish to tax the life out of these unwelcome guests should be suppressed. There is no better chance to teach the Chinamen than to have them right with us. Johnnie is always willing to go to Sunday school and surreptitiously to gaze at or hold the hand of the dear lady teacher who is endeavoring to pilot him towards the Christian judgment seat. John is fond of his Sunday school teacher, he is fond of the fee that he gets for washing; he is willing to be a Christian or a washee-washee, or both, as long as there is something in it for John. Is there any reason why we should fine this enterprising purveyor of linen fifty dollars a year for being a Mongolian? Are we really concerned about his soul, or are we mostly anxious to prevent him competing on equal terms with the other people who fray our cuffs and destroy our collars and put our shirts out of business? We ought to decide this question at once and not have the churches and the aldermen working at cross purposes—the one raising money to Christianize the heathen, and the other passing by-laws pauperizing him and making it impossible for him to live in the same community with those who praise God from Whom all blessings flow.

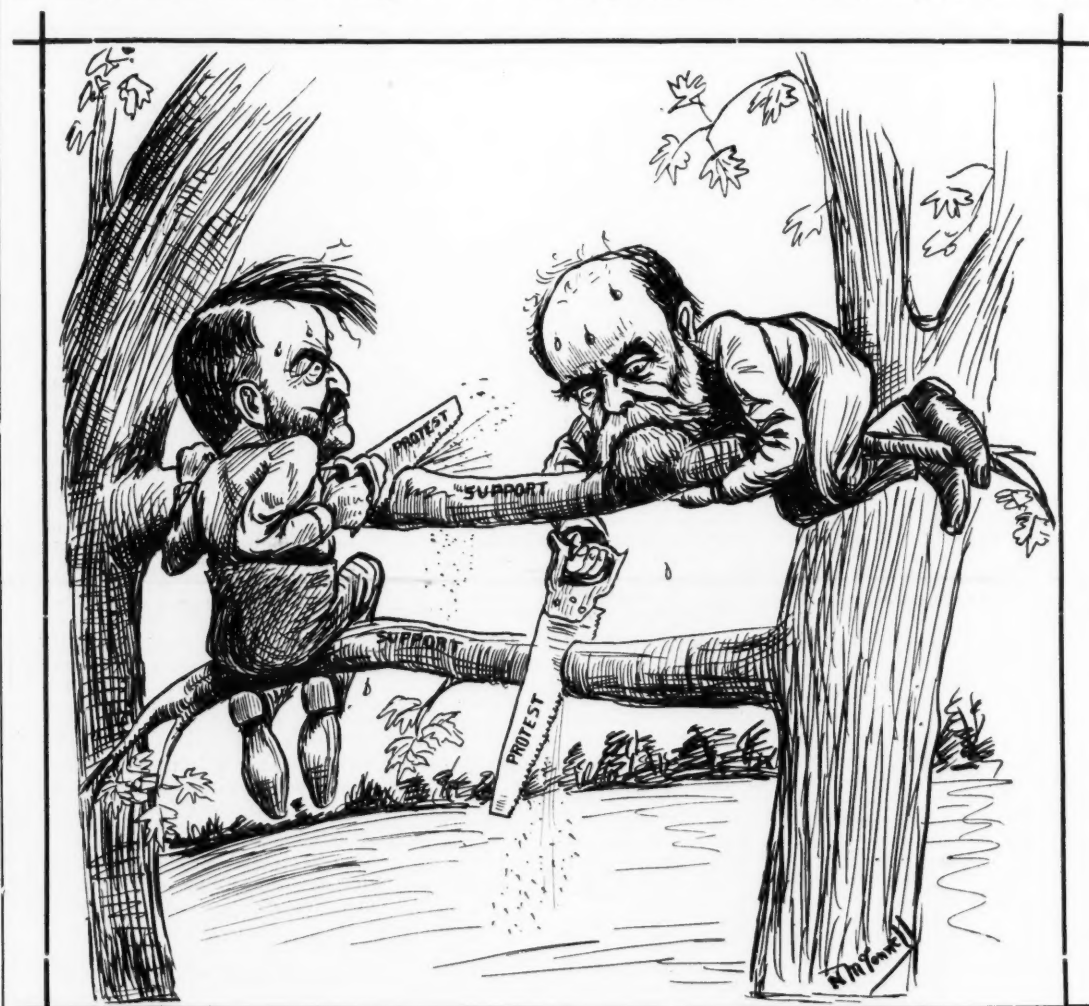
THE shockingly tragic deaths of five of Toronto's firemen in the simple and unromantic discharge of their duty early Thursday morning touched and thrilled the hearts of all. A wave of feeling passed over the city, almost comparable to that experienced when tidings came from South Africa of some heroic stand in which Toronto's sons had suffered. The fireman's calling is less honored than the soldier's, yet it demands as great coolness and courage, and, upon occasion, as high a type of heroism as any ever displayed in war. To be caught by falling walls and buried beneath tons of scorching debris is as hideous a form of sudden death as can be conceived. The fact that men can be found to face such a hazard, daily and in the ordinary course of their work, proves that what we call heroism is not such a rare quality after all, but something

of which most men are capable when called on. Toronto should honor in a substantial way the memories of all the fire-fighters who from time to time have given themselves in her defence. If there are any left in privation through the sudden snuffing out of the lives of fathers or sons they should be provided for. All the monuments and all the popular subscriptions should not be for the soldier or for the soldier's family. Toronto can afford to deal generously with her civic heroes at a time when military heroism has received everything that is its due.

A MONTREAL preacher who is writing a novel for publication has decided to read an instalment of the story to his congregation every Sunday evening instead of preaching the regular sermon. For this he has been taken to task, and is accused of sensationalism. The Montreal preacher is not doing a new thing. The same course was followed by the Rev. Charles M. Sheldon in the case of "In His Steps," a book that is said to have had a circulation to date of seven million copies. Doubtless Mr. Sheldon and his Canadian imitator are both moved by the desire to attract attention, which is one of the commonest of human motives. But the resort to unusual methods of work is not to be condemned merely on that ground. If the preacher's desire to be noticed involves the drawing to church of people who would not otherwise be there, and the creating of opportunities to present truth in an inviting and impressive form, one need not examine too closely into personal motives. The Church is in greater danger of losing its influence through deadness than through showing some signs of being alive. A lot of

copyright law, it simply provides for the tacking of Canada on to the United States in a purely diplomatic way without any profit to the Canadian end of the combination. Canada is large enough to have its own organizations both for resistance and aggression, and the sooner the trades unions and the employers drop out of the jug-handled arrangement the better. The sentiment of this country has developed so rapidly and is now so strong that any affiliation with an overwhelmingly stronger body on the other side of the line creates suspicion and is a source of weakness rather than strength. No one knows, and yet everybody to a certain extent suspects, that these organizations are worked from the south to the detriment of people on the Canadian side of the line. While there is so much cause for suspicion and while every dispute brings the same old subject into discussion, the best thing we can do is to avoid such propositions. Why should Canada have international combinations with the United States when they do not exist between that country and Great Britain, and Germany, and France, and Italy? Are we unconsciously being tacked on to the United States as an unimportant but universally consenting party to what is esteemed to be of advantage by the more or less disturbed and disturbing labor elements of our neighbors?

WE must not forget to welcome the Coronation Contingent on its return from an ineffectual attempt to do what "Saturday Night" never considered worth doing. The fact that our soldiers were not given the best of it in London should be sufficient reason why they should be given the very best that we can provide when they get home. It seems even more important than that the



A GAME OF SAW-OFF.
Ross Has Further to Tumble, but Whitney's Saw is Dull.

the talk about sensationalism in the pulpit is cant. There is no preacher worthy of the name who does not in his heart wish his words to reach as many people as possible, and it may be said reverently that the methods of Jesus and of His apostles were sensational to a degree. That was the reason, of course, why they were so distasteful to the conservative Church leaders of their day. Of the Rev. Mr. Harvey, the Montreal preacher who has taken up the methods of the novelist, I know nothing. He may be an arrant self-advertising humbug, or he may be a faithful laborer in the vineyard, sincerely anxious to convey a saving message to men. But in any event there is force in his contention that "there are some folk who would rather see other folk lulled to sleep by ancient methods than kept awake by plans that are not even very new. The use of the story for the conveyance of truth is a thing not in its gay and giddy youth, but at least 1000 years ago the truth that has so affected the world as to ring in even the present reign of righteousness was given to the world by means of the story."

THE Builders' Laborers' Union of Toronto has become dissatisfied with the methods of the international body, which regards Canada as a mere side show of the main push. The Toronto union alleges that there is nothing to be gained in maintaining the international affiliation, as on several occasions when Canadian branches have needed assistance it has been refused at headquarters. It will also be remembered that on recent occasions when the walking delegates of international trades unions have come to Canada, much adverse criticism has been aroused by the fact that a representative of labor of an alien and unfriendly country has been able to have much to say as to whether there should or should not be a strike in the Dominion. With an alien labor law preventing the importation of foreign wage-workers an international body should not be necessary. These international bodies, not only amongst wage-workers but amongst employers, exist largely in name and provide little or no strength in a crisis. I remember being at an international convention of employing printers at New Haven, when neither at the banquet nor at the meetings was any flag displayed except the Stars and Stripes. (And, by the way, where was the Union Jack in the circus parade on Thursday, at the head of which the United States colors were so prominently carried?) The British flag and the British idea had no place in what for organization purposes was described as an international affair. This international business as between Canada and the United States in matters affecting either employers or employees is a delusive and dangerous concern. Like the

men who lately went to a war which was over before they got there should be given any special reception. Our self-respect demands that any slight, intentional or otherwise, to Canadian troops should be more than made up by our own enthusiasm. It is not a very reasonable proposition, but it is the sort of thing which controls people to a greater extent, socially and otherwise, than they might perhaps be willing to admit.

LONDON "Truth," which is certainly not partial to the interests of the colonies, makes the charge that obstacles are placed in the way of time-expired men on colonial stations settling in these new countries after their discharge, or at all events no facilities are afforded them to do so. Mr. Labouchere's paper instances Halifax, where he says there are some fifty men of the Garrison Artillery "whose service runs up to nine, ten, and eleven years, and many of them have been anxious to obtain their discharge in order to take up berths of one kind or another in the colony. There are plenty of such berths obtainable, but in the ordinary course of things all such men will be sent home to England for their discharge, and can then only get back to Canada at their own expense. That the desire to settle in the colony is genuine is shown by the fact that out of a detachment about ninety strong which left Halifax for England some three months ago, several men having since been discharged in England have already returned to the colony."

I am rather surprised to learn that there are regular forces now at Halifax, having had the impression that all the regulars there were replaced by Canadians shortly after the outbreak of the South African war. But if the editor of "Truth" is well informed, it does seem remarkable that men whose term of service has expired and who signify their wish to remain in the country, should be carried back to England at the expense of the British taxpayer and obliged to pay their way out again from their own pockets.

THE appetite of the University authorities for trouble seems unappeasable. The gentlemen who guide the destinies of the great educational mill in the Queen's Park are no sooner out of one kettle of hot water than they are into another. This is unfortunate, because the University of Toronto is a public institution and the people of Ontario are anxious to be able to take pride in its progress and its devotion to high ideals. Probably every university has its own troubles, if the truth were known, but it is either the misfortune or the folly of the faculty of Toronto that so much of the soiled linen of that institution has been washed in public. This time it is the promotion of three

lecturers to associate-professorships over the heads of other members of the teaching staff who have been longer in their positions than the favored three, that is the cause of heart-burning. One of the gentlemen passed over has been occupying a post as either fellow or lecturer in the University for twenty years. No complaint is made as to his zeal and efficiency, and it is fair to assume that the reason why he has been passed over, while his juniors in other departments have been singled out for honor and financial promotion, is that he does not know enough of the art of "standing in." This is the most marked instance of apparent injustice, but there are other cases scarcely less glaring, and the net result of some of the promotions recently made is to fan into new life the fires of envy and jealousy that have for years kept the faculty of the Provincial University divided into factions and unable to co-operate heartily and frankly with one another or with their administrative head. It is an ungracious and unpleasant task to be constantly calling attention to the bickerings of men who are supposed to be removed by culture and the interests of the scholar from many of the common weaknesses of men, but the reform of the absurdly out-of-date machinery by which the University is governed is not to be brought about by concealing the evil results of the antiquated methods and back-number ideas now supreme. The University cannot prosper as its rivals are prospering while it has a divided faculty, dissatisfied students, and a graduate body largely indifferent to its fate.

ON Dominion Day I dropped into the Toronto Post-Office to ask for such undelivered letters as might have been delayed by the holiday, and I met that indefatigable gentleman who is Assistant Postmaster, and who is always at his desk when other people are away. He showed me a new stamping machine which will put 60,000 letters per hour through the process of defacing the stamp and registering the date. Though it is only run up to a speed of about 40,000 per hour, those who remember how slow and uncertain an operation it was to do this work by hand can appreciate the value of the new contrivance. One thing that impressed me was the fact that every business concern has learned to put the stamp on the same corner of the envelope. Ultimately one can trust the public to co-operate in everything which facilitates the rapid transaction of business. It is just as easy to do a thing right as to do it wrong, and the stamping machine only fails to do its work in those odd letters which are mailed by those unaccustomed to business methods. These are discovered in sorting and the stamp defaced by hand. Nothing is a better proof of the anxiety of the individual to facilitate co-operative action than the pains taken by those using the Post-Office and the street cars. Only those unaccustomed to the use and necessities of the street car delay the progress of this utility by being slow and regardless in getting on or off. Indeed, people run great risks in their haste to get on or leave the car, not always because they are personally in a hurry, but generally because they are anxious to help the company make good time. The public, left to itself, and those who have the convenience of the public in charge, can fairly well be trusted to hurry things along.

IT is a delightful thing to be reminded every once in a while that we have a Mayor. That the reminders come to us in the shape of mistakes and ill-digested suggestions, perhaps matters little. If once in a while His Worship did not remind us of his existence we might grow glad that he had disappeared or his office had been done away with. Five hundred and forty-eight delegates to the International Convention of Iron Moulders waited for nearly an hour on Monday morning in the assembly room of the City Hall until His Worship took out his curl-papers and adjusted his corsets. For Mayor Howland to be late was not a sensational paragraph for the newspapers, because he is always behind time, but his speech, particularly when he referred to the railway strike, was of unusual interest. Apparently he was entirely in sympathy with the strikers, and defended the demand of the men for a Grievance Committee. His own action in concurring with the Police Commissioners in calling out the troops to defend the property of the citizens was put forward to a unionist audience in a manner calculated to endear him to the workingman generally, as he hinted pretty broadly that they had not got enough. Up to this point he was justified as a parish politician in presenting the best case that he had with him. Quoting from the report of the "Evening News" of Monday, he said, "The Board of Trade Committee was merely an agency of the Street Railway Company." This is pretty large ground for even the Mayor to occupy in talking to an international convention of union wage-workers. The rumor has more than once been set afloat that the gentlemen from the Board of Trade were "emissaries" from the railway company, and that while they appeared to be furthering the peace and transportation facilities of the citizens they were really endeavoring to accomplish something sinister in purpose as far as the strikers were concerned, and intended only to temporarily settle the strike in the company's favor. It cannot be denied that there were indications that the committee of the Board of Trade were in closer communion—naturally enough—with the Street Railway Company than with the operatives. At more than one stage of the negotiations it looked as if the adhesion of the Board of Trade committee to the company's purposes was distinctly more in evidence than any desire to particularly favor the men. Nevertheless, the city owes a debt of gratitude to the men who settled the strike, no matter whether their purpose was what was set forth or whether they were acting, as the Mayor says, as "merely an agency of the Street Railway Company." Surely the latter suggestion savors of envy and of an attempt to head off a rival for the mayoralty!

If there be an inner history of the negotiations between the committee of the Board of Trade and the railway men it has yet to be written. Is it to be written by the Mayor, who appeared on the scene after the business had been taken in hand by the Board of Trade? If he knows all about the transaction, as his words to the Iron Moulders' Union would indicate, he should tell us why he thinks that the committee of the Board of Trade were used as cat's paws for the railway company to pull their chestnuts out of the fire. If the Mayor knows the facts with regard to the matter which is being much discussed in a quiet way, he should take the public into his confidence, as he has not yet done in his verbose letter to Mr. Ames, and not merely make assertions such as may have been acceptable to the iron moulders, while statements of paramount importance to the electors of Toronto, who had to do with making Oliver Howland Mayor and have a right to demand what reasons he has for asserting what is just now being discussed, are withheld or only hinted at. Does he want another railway strike, that he may have a chance to shine in it as a peace-maker? Why should an effort be made to increase the too prevalent uncharity which leads to the suspicion that the gentlemen from the Board of Trade were acting in an ex parte spirit when they induced the railway employees to resume their tasks? Mr. Howland's self-imposed task of impugning motives and setting the committee by the ears is not a lovely one. His situation in this matter is one that

not only concerns himself and the officials of the Board of Trade, but the electorate generally. He is either right in his assertion or he is calumniating those who appeared at the moment to be exercising the influence which the Mayor and the Board of Control should have exerted. To boil the matter down, he is either a slanderer or the committee were a lot of pretentious frauds. Now which is it? It is quite up to Mayor Howland to make a statement and for the president of the Board of Trade to make a denial and to get their various explanations properly and fully in print. It is not merely a matter as to which acted first, or which apparently succeeded better; it is a matter of fact and good faith.

IN talking about explanations, is it now School Inspector Hughes' turn to tell us about the contract that he made with somebody to leave the city's employment and write books and spout lectures and generally comport himself as a section of the amusement-making community. He has resigned and withdrawn his resignation, and resigned again and withdrawn his resignation again, and made a still further bluff at a resignation and a withdrawal. The people who pay him his salary have a right to know whether this is all wind or whether it is a real business proposition that he is discussing. With whom did he engage himself? From whom is he separating himself as a sacrifice to the tearful female teachers who have begged him to remain in his position? It seems to me that we have had nearly enough guff over this resignation of a situation from which he should have been dismissed. While we may be all saddened by the thought of losing this chummy poseur, the belief that he has gone from us forever is perhaps less saddening than the belief that, no matter what he says, he does not intend to go. We have a right to know the facts in the case, whether he goes or stays. The probabilities are that James L. Hughes, if he leaves his job with the Toronto School Board, will be out in the wide, wide, vacant world wind-jamming for a living, and that we are being jollied into keeping a man who has nowhere else to go.

UNITED STATESERS who come into Canada and have not enough sense of propriety or regard for good taste to refrain from fault-finding or patronizing, are ordinarily deserving of little sympathy when their attitude is resented. From Sherbrooke, Que., comes the story of one Elder Potter of Worcester, Mass., who, while in attendance at an Adventist camp-meeting on Canadian soil, forgot to keep a check on his unruly member, and in an excessively indiscreet and objectionable manner publicly attacked Britain in connection with the South African war. When reminded by one of his hearers that he was in Canada, this fire-eating elder aggravated his offence by saying he was aware of it and rejoiced in the opportunity it afforded him of freeing his mind upon this subject. Brother Potter's breach of good manners was execrable, but it is doubtful if any good was accomplished by taking so much notice of the words of a wind-jammer ignorant of the rudiments of good breeding; and while one may sympathize with the resentment of his hosts their wisdom in compelling him to eat his words may be questioned. It appears that subsequent to Elder Potter's deliverance a public meeting of citizens was held, when a resolution was adopted demanding an apology for and retraction of the language he had used. The resolution was placed in the offending visitor's hands, and before the evening service the pulpit was draped with the national colors and the Union Jack was placed overhead. Standing beneath its folds, in the presence of a very large audience, the reverend gentleman read the resolution and complied with its demand. On the next train he left for the United States side of the line, and did not return to the camp-meeting.

My first impulse was to say "Bully for the Adventists!" because the sort of treatment they accorded to Elder Potter is the sort any Canadian guilty of a similar "break" in the land of the free would be likely to receive, if indeed he were not handled with much less ceremony. But after all, the British Empire is a good deal bigger than any number of Elder Potters who might spout their hostile sentiments in outrage of the laws of hospitality. British freedom, Canadian freedom, is a big enough thing, or should be a big enough thing, to admit of all the utterances of all the Potters from the oldest to the youngest of the tribe. The Elder is too small a 'possum for a free and self-respecting Canadian community to chase up a tree. In venturing to unload himself of his sentiments as he did beneath the very flag he was denouncing, he was really paying the greatest compliment to that flag and all that it stands for. In forcing him to retract his words, the Adventists of Quebec, while doubtless yielding to a very natural impulse, were compromising what they thought they were conserving. It cannot be imagined that Elder Potter actually experienced a change of conviction, his retraction being entirely formal, and the course adopted in making him do the crawfish act was the best calculated to confirm him in error. Probably the better way would have been to have politely but unequivocally informed him that he was the victim of bad dreams as well as a horrible example of bad manners, and to have let the incident pass at that.

THE news from Seattle, Wash., descriptive of the pursuit of Harry Tracy, a fugitive convict, is only interesting to the extent of indicating the methods of pursuing men who have escaped from prison and are considered dangerous to the community. This particular convict has shown great ability in escaping at various times from places in which badly conducted people are placed in retirement. Bloodhounds were put on his track, just as in the days of Dred and the Dismal Swamp escaped slaves were given the horrible sensation of hearing the baying hounds on their track. Tracy, however, managed to escape the dogs by putting cayenne pepper in his tracks, swimming rivers and walking in the margin of lakes. I have a theory that convicts such as Tracy should be handled in a somewhat different manner from those who are less skillful and possessed of less brains. The man who has ever been chased by bloodhounds, necessary as such an operation seems, alone can tell the hate which must surge up in his heart when as an outlaw and an outcast savage beasts are placed on his track to secure his recapture. If we consider that there is any class of the community which is so utterly lost, so irredeemably bad, that we can afford to hunt them like a wild beast, it would be much better for us to kill them. There are many things worse than being dead, and one of these things, it seems to me, is that intense, insatiable desire for liberty which brings as a consequence the barbarous and heart-chilling experience of hearing a dog upon one's track and feeling that all mankind and the trained beasts of pursuit have been let loose to return one to a prison cell.

THAT the punishment should fit the crime and should be such as to meet the necessities of the case, seems to be the basis of the advice given by the Rev. E. Francis Crosse of St. Luke's, Barrow, a parish that has in it a street that, owing to the drunken habits and foul tongues of the residents, bears a very unsavory reputation. Rev. Mr. Crosse considers that it is time a stop was put to the use of the bad language which defiles the streets and pollutes the ears of the women and children who are forced to hear it, and he has, therefore, invited the respectable men of the parish to thrash the offenders. He meets the possibility of the champions of morality being punished by the magistrates for taking the law into their own hands by announcing that "in his parish a man fined for punching the head of anyone who publicly indulges in blasphemous or obscene language will always have his fine paid for him." Of course this makes no provision for the moralist who attempts to punch the head of the blackguard and gets his own battered instead. Nevertheless one cannot but admire the muscular Christianity of this English clergyman who, finding the police not only inefficient, but probably sympathetic as far as the toughs are concerned, proposes to deal out summary punishment for what is really an inexcusable as well as a most offensive vice. If a man feels that it would relieve him to use a certain amount of



A TYPICAL ISLAND FAMILY.

This picture shows three generations of Islanders, who have for years resided in one or other division of Toronto's "summer suburb."

bad language he should go into his chamber and shut the door and swear himself empty where it will neither pain nor pollute the ears of others. Frequently on the streets of Toronto groups of half-grown boys and those who can barely call themselves young men, indulge in language which would entitle them to thirty days in seclusion. Though punching the heads of these people seems something like lynch law, yet the old English fashion of administering punishment with the cane or the fist with the ever present possibility of the puncher being punched, possesses elements which should commend it to those who straightway run after a policeman when anything objectionable occurs, thus giving the guilty person an opportunity to get out of the way, and considerably vexing the guardians of the law, who feel that their position is too important to include wild goose chases.

IT has been decided by Western courts that no man can absolve another from responsibility for taking his life. The case in point came up in connection with a railway pass on the back of which was the stipulation that the holder waived all claim on the company carrying him "for any injury to the person, or for loss or damage to his property." The holder of the pass on his way from the sleeping-car to the diner was thrown off at a curve and killed, and the United States Court of Appeal has held that the holder of the pass could not waive his claim, "that the stipulation is void as against public policy; a man's life is not his own, to be disposed of by contract; the State is interested in securing the safety and preserving the lives of its citizens." As far as I can understand the court held that the contract in the case was limited to injuries to the person or loss of property, and the contract to be valid should have excluded the right of action to his relatives or representatives. Even if this clause had been included it doesn't seem that it would have been in harmony with the intention of the court that "a man's life is not his own, to be disposed of by contract"; probably it was only held as a technicality which, outside of the general principle, was sufficient to set aside the action.

ONE of the recent Washington, D.C., sensations was the story that General Wood, who was administrator for the United States of the affairs of Cuba until Palma was elected President, paid General Gomez, the insurrectionist chief, twenty-five thousand dollars to induce him to quietly permit Sencr Tomas Palma to be elected to the chief executive without opposition. While the story has been denied, some of the most respectable papers in the United States, including "Harper's Weekly" and many others of that class, have openly asserted that the expenditure of money amongst insurrectionists was probably the cheapest way of conciliating the leaders of the dangerous classes and could not be criticized as bribery. This is a delightful preliminary chapter to the pacification of the new Spanish-American subjects and allies of Uncle Sam. After the rumor reaches the other insurrectionist chiefs that Gomez got twenty-five thousand dollars the cupidly which is one of the strongest features of the Latin-American race will lead to numerous and continual demands being vigorously urged to the depletion of the treasury and the demoralization of the native population. Whether the story be true or not the acceptance of such a principle by newspapers which profess to be intent on the reformation of the morals of the United States cannot be looked upon as otherwise than significant that public men have their price, whether they be revolutionists or Congressmen, and in the interests of peace it would be well to pay the money quietly rather than advertise the transaction as scandalous.

Social and Personal.



A DELIGHTFUL week of tennis has reached its close at Niagara-on-the-Lake, and the players and their friends have enjoyed it greatly. The Queen's Royal is under new management this season; two smart and experienced Southern men, Mr. Boomer and Mr. Squire, have charge, and everything calculated to add to one's desire to remain for an indefinite term is carefully provided for the guests. A smart lot of tennis players have rendezvoused on the Queen's Royal lawn each afternoon, and the play for the beautiful prizes has been excellent and keen. These prizes are very well worth exerting oneself for, and are to be presented by Dr. Goldwin Smith, who went over with Mrs. Pettie Smith, Miss Hague, from Montreal, a former Torontoan; Miss Summerhayes, one of our crack players; Miss Findlay, from Waterdown, N.Y., a well-poised, stunningly fine girl whom every one wrongly dub "English"; Miss Hanson, a very graceful, slender and pretty girl; Mrs. Burgess, a bright and charming young matron, who played extremely well, are some of the attractive women at the tournament. Miss Warren, Miss Norah Warren, Miss Winnett, Miss Binkley and others were also much applauded, and deservedly so. A bunch of stalwarts, including Mr. McMaster, who turned the tables on Mr. Pateron, second son of Mr. J. A. Paterson, and both Toronto men; Mr. Fischer, the stunning big "American" player; the clever Wrights, each good tennis men and thorough good fellows; Mr. Lansing, son of Mr. Livingstone Lansing of Niagara, and a clever and popular young man; Mr. Hunt, Mr. Leonard and Mr. Avery are an aggregation of tennis experts whose work well repays a trip to Niagara to see. Major and Mrs. Nelles are entertaining Mrs. Burgess, and Miss Hague and Miss Findlay are at the Queen's Royal, where the latter has delighted her admirers by her masterly violin playing, and finds in Miss Mattie Winnett an accompanist to the manor born, as the saying goes. On Wednesday evening between dances a favored few were treated to a delightful little concert in Mrs. Winnett's parlor, when Miss Findlay and Mr. Boomer played their favorite violin solos, for the manager is also a fine artist. The informal dance was the jolliest of hops on the same evening, and Mrs. Nelles and her guests, Miss Van Norman and Mrs. Burgess, with Mr. and Mrs. Byron Hostetter, Miss Dickson, Miss Findlay, Mr. S. Alfred Jones, Miss Hague, Mr. Nelles of Niagara, Mr. Lansing and Captain Whittle, were of the merry party who enjoyed D'Aleandro's music or tripped the light fantastic over the fine floor of the pretty ball-room. Everything is in apple-pie order at the Queen's Royal this season, and from the very latest gastronomic

fancy, a cup of chicken broth to begin breakfast, to the very latest game, "clock-golf," things are up to date. A very charming game of "clock-golf" took place on the green last Saturday at which some smart play was enjoyed, both by the participants and lookers-on. A clock-golf course is laid out in a circle with a diameter of forty feet, and twelve holes round the rim represent the hours. The balls are set at each hour in succession and struck to rest in a small metal cup set a little to one side of the center of the "clock face." How many strokes it takes to home a ball from each successive "hour" by an expert I do not know, and I trust golf experts will make due allowance for my untechnical explanation of the new and pretty game of "clock-golf." A jolly tea followed the game on Saturday, and the prizes were won by Mrs. J. F. McClain of New York and Mr. S. S. Date of Chicago, the consolation prize, a set of golf balls, being won by Miss Laura Hanson of Montreal. Mrs. McClain won a pretty pair of silver "golf" hatpins, and Mr. Date a "putter." The Niagara Golf Club has a very fine new links laid out, with eighteen holes, and a ladies' course within the aforesaid of nine holes, where some pretty play may be had.

Dr. and Mrs. Nattress are spending some time in Niagara. On Wednesday Mrs. Denison of Rusholme and her son, Mr. Harold Denison (of H.M.S. "Indefatigable," now at Halifax), who is on a fortnight's leave, went over by the "Chippewa" to see them. Mr. Harold Denison's visit has performed been short, but everyone is pleased to see him and to welcome him to Toronto.

Miss Lillian Kirby of 40 Cowan avenue, Parkdale, has gone to Windermere, Muskoka, where she will spend the next five or six weeks.

The engagement is announced in Hamilton of Miss Ella Marion Jones, daughter of Mr. Seneca Jones, to the Rev. J. Lovell Murray, M.A., of St. Catharines, son of the Rev. Dr. Murray of Kincardine. Mr. Murray has recently been appointed a foreign secretary of the International Committee of Young Men's Christian Associations, and leaves in the autumn for India, where he will locate in Bangalore, the capital of Mysore Province, to work there among college men.

Mr. Albert Nordheimer, now en route for England, has been appointed consul to the Netherlands.

A suit which involved the ownership of a Muskoka island which was inadvertently "squatted" upon by a gentleman who thought it the one he had purchased, whereas it really belonged to Mr. G. R. R. Cockburn, has been decided in favor of the latter gentleman. There was, for a season, a warm time in placid Muskoka over this exasperating mistake, for the mistaken gentleman built a wharf and a boathouse, and the doughty ex-M.P. promptly tore them down. Island "M" has had its experiences since it was put on the market.

An announcement in one of the dailies that the Yacht Club would hold a garden party on Thursday was a surprise to the members of the club. However, no move was considered necessary to verify the reporter's tale of "cagerly anticipated" festivities by the amusement committee, and the garden party didn't come off. The two Monday dances on the fourteenth (next Monday) and the twenty-eighth are, however, I am informed by the secretary, to take place.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Johnston of 132 St. George street are going to the Thousand Islands with their fairytale little daughter next week. The tiny Miss Johnston is a delightfully quaint and intelligent little maid. To see her doing a cakewalk or some other little dance, on the pavement at her home, while a rapturous Italian family grind the necessary tunes, is one of the prettiest sights imaginable, as well as being an utterly unconscious entertainment on the part of the graceful little lady.

Mr. George Sears is going to the Royal Muskoka for the vacation. Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Nesbitt have returned from England. I hear that Miss Maude Dwight was a much admired lady at the London Hyde Park church parade one recent Sunday.

Colonel Lessard, whose recent accident gave his friends much ground for commiseration, is, I am glad to hear, quite better.

Major Nelles went over for a brief visit to Niagara on Wednesday. Mrs. Nelles has a charming summer cottage in the quiet shady town by the lake, and with her mother, her boys and Miss Van Norman, her bright girl guest, is very much enjoying the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Mont Lowndes are at the Island.

Mr. George Bruenech is going to Newfoundland for three months on a sketching tour. He will visit Cape Breton and Prince Edward Island on his way home.

Lady Mulock went last week to "The Farm" at Newmarket, where Miss Marion Armour, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur E. Kirkpatrick and Miss Lottie Wood are her guests.

Mrs. Michie and Mrs. Cowan are back from the Welland.

Miss Smallman of London, who was so much admired at the Horse Show, and Miss Pringle of Edinburgh, are the guests of Mrs. Campbell Reeves this week, and on Tuesday evening Mr. Kelly Evans gave a dinner of fourteen covers at the Hunt Club in their honor, at which Colonel Smith of London was also a guest.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Austin of "Spadina" and their family left on Wednesday for Atlantic City. Later on they will, I believe, spend some time in Muskoka.

Mrs. Sydney Greene and Miss Betty are spending some time at the Atlantic sea coast, where Mrs. Arthur's of Ravenwood will join them.

Mrs. Timothy Eaton is, as usual, the chetaine of a merry household of guests in Muskoka. Several Toronto friends are to visit this most hospitable lady during the summer.

The engagement is announced of Miss Victoria Froude of Boston, formerly of Toronto, and Mr. Franklin Walter, Jr., of Brookline (Boston), Massachusetts. The marriage will probably take place in Boston early in September.

Mrs. Robert Myles, Miss A. Myles, Mrs. W. Nattress, Mr. and Mrs. Monro Grier, Mrs. Coth McClain, Miss Edith Sloan, Mr. W. D. Sloan, Miss F. J. Brouse, Miss Marjorie Brouse, Mr. W. H. Brouse, Mr. and Mrs. Lionel H. Clarke, Mrs. Frank Macdonald, Miss Fuller, Toronto; Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Osborne, Mrs. W. W. Osborne, Mrs. W. O. Tidswell, Mr. Howard Tidswell, Hamilton; Mr. and Mrs. J. P. McCain of New York; Mrs. Clarence Denison, Miss May Denison, of Toronto; Mr. and Mrs. Albert Wright of Buffalo; Mr. and Mrs. H. Florsheim of New Orleans; Prof. and Mrs. Goldwin Smith, Mrs. Gilmore, Toronto; Mr. and Mrs. George W. Alter, Cincinnati; Mr. and Mrs. George W. Clouston, Cincinnati, are recent guests registered at the Queen's Royal, Niagara-on-the-Lake.

Miss Ruby Croil is visiting relatives in Port Hope. Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Clarke and their family are occupying the cottage at the Queen's Royal, Niagara-on-the-Lake. Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Oliver of 100 Spencer avenue have gone to Gowan, Shanty Bay, for the summer. Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Crabbe of Spadina road are at Port Carling for the summer.



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Social and Personal.

THE first of the regular subscription hops of the I.A.A. took place last Friday at the hall, Center Island. The music is always a premier consideration at these dances, and the committee are always fortunate in securing the best in town. The latest popular waltzes from the operas and the most fashionable songs are always heard in this island programme. The floor is always slippery and springy, and the shape of the silks de danse is that broad oblong so much liked. It is a fashion to crowd about the west entrance door, and those desirous of passing in or out have to face a barricade of girls in duck and muslin and men in Island flannels, which it takes some time to get through. But 'tis a jolly, happy, generally very chummy crowd over there, and no one minds pushing a way through it. On Friday last the Islanders were out in force, and some very pretty girls went over from the city. Miss Warwick of Sunningdale and her guest, Miss Kathleen Massey of New York, Miss Gussie Gillies, Miss Mildred Stewart, Miss Ruby Frazee, Miss Easton of Galt, Miss Janet Fuller of Rosedale, were some of these. The Islanders never looked better. Mrs. Francis brought her two pretty daughters and Miss Nevitt, Mrs. Eastwood brought her handsome debutante of last season, Miss Muriel Smith came with her brother Hugh, Miss Dottie Lamont with her brother Will, Mrs. Fair chaperoned her daughter and was attended by her tall and good-looking son. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Massey of Cloverlawn, a charming home on the lake-front at Center Island, were a bright young couple; Miss Lauda Gale, Miss Macfarlane, lately from Winnipeg; Miss Nellie Allan, her guest, Miss McArthur of Bloor street; Miss Taylor of Brunswick avenue, Miss Elsie Helliwell, Miss Trees, Mr. and Mrs. Eastmure, Mrs. Fuller, Miss Dimples Cosgrave, Mrs. Ar-

thur Denison and Miss Denison, Mr. Hamilton Morton, who is home from Galt for his vacation; Mr. James Merrick, Mr. Stanley Mabey, Mr. E. Monck, Mr. Gillies, Mr. Armour, Mr. James Francis, Messrs. Temple, Mr. Fred Gordon, Mr. Miller, Mr. E. Carter, Mr. Irving Ardagh.

The engagement is announced of Miss Charlotte B. Keating, youngest daughter of the late James Keating, C.E., of Oil City, to Dr. Francis G. Wallbridge of Midland.

Dr. and Mrs. Wilson of College street have returned from an enjoyable visit in Philadelphia and Atlantic City.

"Sally Brass" sends me the following account of a summer function: "The members of Old St. Andrew's choir and their friends spent a most enjoyable time at their annual outing at Lorne Park on Saturday, June 28. The genial choir-master, Mr. Anger, in his usual kindly manner, exerted himself so that everyone might have a pleasant afternoon. Games were participated in by the members of the choir, perhaps the most ludicrous of these being the biscuit-eating contest, where all the gentlemen, but particularly Mr. Bell, shone to advantage. An exciting hand-in-hand race was run, each gentleman taking a lady's hand and illustrating the fact that even the best and most beautiful are at times a serious drawback. After the programme of games was ended the party adjourned to the hotel, where dinner was partaken of with a keen relish. In the after-dinner speech Mr. Anger, in a few well-chosen remarks, expressed the sincere pleasure he experienced in being once more with his choir on this happy occasion. He added that as only two prizes were to be given, the committee had, after grave deliberation, decided that these had been fairly earned by the two captains of the baseball teams, Mr. Arthur Bight and Mr. Clayton. Whereupon Mr. Anger called these two gentlemen forward, and with grave ceremony presented to Mr. Bight a huge bunch of radishes, and to Mr. Clayton an equally superb bouquet of onions. The homeward trip was made merry with song, and when Yonge street wharf was reached and the time had really come for separation, some of the party found themselves quite unable to say that little word 'good-bye,' so that we are unable to state definitely what time the picnic really ended."

Mr. and Mrs. George Dunstan and their family are at Monreith, Hanlan's Island, for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Eastwood and Miss Winifred Eastwood are at Center Island, having taken a cottage near the church.

Mr. Howard Johnson is at Center Island. Mr. and Mrs. Will Hees have returned to Detroit after a pleasant fortnight with their relatives in Toronto. Mr. Harry Hees has returned from his European tour.

Miss Norah Sullivan and Mr. Archie Sullivan are spending the summer up north in the mining country, where they are having all sorts of interesting experiences.

I am glad to note that the authorities have decided to mend their ways (in Bay street). Work was begun on the new asphalt on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Robotham have taken the residence formerly occupied by the late Mr. Stinson, in Spadina road. Mr. Finucane of Ottawa has been up on a visit to them this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Willie Mulock and Miss Amy Laing are going to Muskoka next week.

Mrs. Patterson of Embro is convalescing very satisfactorily after a serious operation, and is with her husband at

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Llawhaden, the guest of Senator Melvin-Jones. Many enquiries are made daily for this much-esteemed and lovely little woman, and carriages of beautiful flowers find their way to her room.

Lady Kirkpatrick of Closeburn is on a visit to her sister, Mrs. Dobell, at Beau Manoir, Quebec. Mrs. Dobell returned quite recently from England, where she suffered the loss of her husband, Hon. R. R. Dobell, last year.

Mr. George Hees, who was on his way home from the Klondike, has been detained at Banff for some days. I believe the traveler did not make much of a protest against the washout which stopped travel.

Miss Elaine Hodgins of Cloynewood is visiting Mrs. Osler of Craigleith at Beechcroft, her summer place, on Lake Simcoe.

Lady Thompson and her family are at the Muskoka island, in Lake Rosseau. Lady Meredith will, I hear, spend her summer, as usual, at Scarborough Beach, Maine.

Judge Lount and his family are at the Royal Muskoka. Mr. and Mrs. Shepley and their daughters will spend the vacation there.

Mr. Wisner gave a little dinner at the Yacht Club one evening recently, in honor of Miss Jones of New York, formerly of Brantford, and a friend who came with her on a visit to Canada. Dr. Hardy, a connection of Miss Jones, made a fourth at a pleasant little dinner and canoe ride after. The New York ladies were with friends in Brunswick avenue.

Mr. Walter Robinson, a former Torontonian, and his clever and charming wife are spending the vacation in Canada, having taken a much-needed holiday after a busy and extremely profitable and successful winter in New York. Mr. Robinson has made a most gratifying success in musical circles in the United States, and has, like Ernest Thompson Seton, been fortunate enough to wed a lady who has both talent of a high order and also great sympathy in and help for her husband in his career. Mr. Robinson is giving part of his time to advanced pupils this and next month.

Dr. and Mrs. Ham are expecting their young son Cyril home next week for his vacation. Mr. Knighton Chase has arrived safely at his bachelor quarters at Reading.

Mrs. Walter S. Lee and Miss Mabel Lee are "doing" the quieter affairs in London very thoroughly, though, of course, their mourning has prevented their acceptance of many charming invitations. They tell me of their enjoyment of a quiet afternoon cup of tea with Canon and Mrs. Farrar, and of their own kindly gathering of some of their Toronto friends at their rooms for the cup that cheers. Dr. James McLeod, Dr. Badgerow, Mr. F. Gray, Mr. and Mrs. W. Fleury, were of this cosy coterie. The latter happy pair are enjoying their visit to England greatly.

Mrs. G. R. R. Cockburn is progressing slowly but surely at Dr. Abend's sanatorium at Wiesbaden. The long continued cold wet weather has tried her and other invalids sorely.

Mr. J. W. G. Whitney spent some days at his country place on the Georgian Bay this week. Miss Muriel Whitney is going again to Orillia on Monday to her aunt, Mrs. Lumsden.

Mr. and Mrs. Hector Lamont and their family are at Center Island, where they are occupying the house Mr. Jack Massey had last year, on the Breakwater. Mr. and Mrs. W. Lamont and their family are at Hanlan's Point. Their familiar residence, "Far Niente," is occupied by Islanders.

Mr. and Mrs. Kant of Vancouver, B.C., and their sweet little daughter have been on a visit to Sheriff and Miss Widdifield at Glenhyrne, St. George street. I believe they have returned home.

Miss Agnes Vickers is on a visit to friends in London.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Riddell are in England for the vacation.

Miss Flossie Taylor, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Taylor of Ottawa, is visiting Miss Parsons in St. Vincent street.

Miss Helen Kirkpatrick is spending the vacation on Lake Rosseau, Muskoka.

Mr. and Mrs. Eastmure went down to Crawford's, in the White Mountains, last week.

Mr. E. W. Sandys of "Outing" has just published a most fascinating book on Canadian sports, a mixture of story, keen sport and many useful bits of information, which are given with the authority of a thorough sportsman, who has shot things and hunted things and caught things since he was big enough to pull a trigger, and knows his game by heart in air, woods and water.

Mrs. Frank Hodgins has been spending a short while in Cobourg, and returned home this week. The little "burg" has its full complement of visitors from the South, some of them noted people. Mrs. Dudley of Lexington, Ky., and her daughter Clara, who is this fall to wed Lieutenant Livingston, Governor of the Province of Liverpool, Philippine Islands, are among the latest arrivals in Cobourg.

A rumor has reached me of the devotion of a young tourist to a Toronto girl abroad, and I should not be surprised to hear of their engagement by the next mail.

Mrs. Lapham of New York is enjoying a very pleasant visit with her parents and old friends in Toronto. She returns to New York shortly, where she has a nice appointment in connection with a woman's club, about which club I hope to give particulars later on.

The splendid breeze this week have given the yachtsmen a good deal of capital sailing. The Island season at the R. C.Y.C. was opened this week by a garden party, and the first Monday dance will be given next week. The merry bowlers have been enjoying their game for some time. By the way, what a

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21. The Velvet Glove - Merriman
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A Sartorial Superstition.

THE superstition that London tailors and London men combine to produce the best-dressed men in the world dies hard. Yet this very season, of all seasons, says a writer in "Town Topics," should see its final extinction. "If ever the London average in masculine apparel might be expected to be high it is this summer," remarks the critic. "Yet such abominably turned-out men would be a conspicuous vice in any second-rate town in America. The number of shocking hats, distressing trousers and shabby ties is equalled only by the abominable boots to be seen everywhere in London. When the average Londoner ties his four-in-hand he likes to leave a gaping half-inch or so between the knot and the shirt-stud; the result is as if he had dressed for an alarm of fire. Speaking of footwear, it is to be noted, as evidence of the sad state of English concern for the niceties, that one may see in the most exclusive hotels in London men who wander about the lounges wearing spats after six o'clock in the afternoon. Only in sporting togs is the Englishman still something of a model for the world. At Hurlingham in the polo matches, on the roads to Windsor and Epsom, and in the Row, one still sees men who are in every way well-groomed." The writer says his contention is proven by the recent London exhibition at the National Academy, where John Sargent's two notable portraits of Alfred Wertheimer and Lord Ribblesdale show two of a very small handful of well-dressed men in England. Both are in attire smacking of outdoor life. The sporting peer is in full riding togs, which hang on his gaunt frame in a slovenly, careless way that denotes his scorn of all but comfort; riding breeches with more wrinkles than fit; a top-coat that falls limply, and a black stock tied awry under the right ear. The top-hat, the riding-boots and the crop on the other hand, are stiff and uncompromising, and mate well with the thin face, the keen eyes, and the strong nose. Opposed to this acme of aristocratic slovenliness is the immaculate young Jew, Alfred Wertheimer. He wears an ordinary sack suit, black, perfect in fit, and with a buff waistcoat and a riding stock. Not a wrinkle anywhere. The clothes are really good. The two lower buttons of Lord Ribblesdale's waistcoat are rock-lessly open, but about Wertheimer there is not so much as a pin-point wrong. Mr. Wertheimer and Mr. Sargent together have produced at least one well-dressed man in London this season."

Harriet—What shall I say in the advertisement for a cook? Harry—Well, say that we'll take her with us to any summer resort she may prefer.—Detroit "Free Press."

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CHAPTER XXIX.

The Burden of Revenge.

Winifred listened with excitement and deep interest; yet there was a queer little pain in her heart. He had said nothing yet of what she had guessed that he meant to say. Perhaps she had been mistaken. Perhaps he had intended something quite different.

"Before I can talk of what is nearest my heart, far nearer now than the mission for which I was brought up," he went on, "I must confess to you what the work is I came here to do. It was to bring a murderer to justice—to revenge the ruin he wrought in two lives. It is that for which I have lived, until lately. But now another interest has pushed it aside—perhaps it's a sin to let it do that—but I can't help it. The new interest is too strong for me—stronger than my soul. Has a man a right to love a woman and tell her so while there is such a burden on his life?"

"A burden of revenge?" Winifred asked, slowly. "Must the man bear it? Can revenge ever be ennobled?"

"Yes a thousand times, yes!" he cried, almost fiercely. "Even for love it couldn't be given up; for that would be a wrong to the dead."

"It isn't revenge for the man's own wrongs, then?"

"For those who gave him his life—his father and his mother. Do you say that he must not tell a woman of his love while he has such a mission to work out? If you do say so I shall know that you are right."

"No—I don't say that; I can't say it," whispered Winifred.

"Then—you know, don't you, what I long to ask? You're all the world to me, and heaven, too. Is it possible that you could learn to care for me a little, that you could forgive me the dark things I must keep in my mind?"

"I have learnt already," the girl broke in, "to care—not a little, but more than I can tell. I learnt when we were partners. Since we first saw each other you have been my knight. Even at the very first I thought differently of you from any other man."

"It seems impossible," cried Newcome. "That you—such a girl as you—should even think of a shabby beggar?"

"You were a gentleman. What can a man be more? Oh, I wish you told me that—you liked me in Brighton."

"What a brute I should have been if I had! It's bad enough now. You ought to marry a millionaire."

Winifred shuddered, and drew away a little from the arms that held her tight. "Oh—don't speak to me of millionaires!"

Newcome was quite willing not to. There were only two persons in the world worth talking of at that moment—herself and himself—and they talked of those two unceasingly, until Dick was heard at the door, and they began hastily to speak of the weather, or the first subject that came into their heads.

Newcome and Dick were somehow introduced to each other, though it was clear that Dick did not at all understand who Baron von Zellheim was. They had not had many words together when Winifred's lover turned to her with a look that only she could read. "There was so much to talk of at first," he said, "that I forgot something important. But as it concerns your brother, perhaps it's just as well I wait till he comes. Now he can answer for himself. Mr. Gray, I've heard from your sister that you write. I don't know whether it's in your line, or whether you haven't something you like better to do; but, anyway, I can offer you a secretaryship if you'll have it, with a salary of seven guineas a week."

"By Jove, that is good of you!" exclaimed Dick, who had a hearty and pleasant manner, which endeared him to strangers. "I'll be only too thankful to make it in any line," and so the very best I can, for I've had beastly luck lately, as maybe Winifred has told you. Is it you who offer me the position?"

"No," said Newcome, flushing a little, as Winifred remembered afterwards. "It's a friend of mine, a richer man than I am—a very good fellow, not young. He's engaged to-night," continued Newcome. "But will you dine with me to-morrow evening at the Savoy Hotel at eight, and go round with me to my rooms afterwards to meet him?"

"Delighted!" cried Dick, thankful that he had not pawned his evening clothes, as he had been tempted to do lately.

"And I wonder if you would both dine with me somewhere to-night," went on Newcome, "just we three alone? Do say 'yes,' Miss Gray."

Winifred did say 'yes' with joy. It was so wonderful, so almost unnatural to feel joy. She basked in it, she revelled in it, thrusting all the old troubles aside as if they had ceased to exist. Presently Dick left them alone together, and Newcome ventured to say something which had stuck in his throat before. Would Winifred let him lend her money— heaps of money? It was for that he had rejoiced in his luck. If she would not take it what he had would be worthless to him. She had given herself to him now, and surely he had some rights over her. Besides, she must remember their compact. He had borrowed from her because she had promised to do the same from him when he should be in a position to lend. That time had come now; he had thousands, and he would claim her promise.

Of course Winifred said no; but Newcome would not accept her refusal. He was urging his point when Dick came back, and had succeeded so far as to make the girl consent to think it over.

They dined together at a quiet place, and even the presence of a third person could not damp their happiness. They looked into each other's eyes while Dick ate the first good dinner which he announced, he had tasted for an age.

Next morning came flowers for Winifred. She had never loved flowers so well before. Some she took to her mother, kissing their sweet faces before she parted with them; but others she wore when Hope Newcome came to her again in the afternoon. She was alone, as on the day before, and her lover helped cut bread and butter for tea; and they called

each other "partner," as they had in the strange days at Brighton. That night Winifred sat up to wait for Dick when he should come home from his dinner at the Savoy and the engagement at Newcome's rooms afterwards. She longed to hear all about what had happened, and what sort of man her brother's employer had turned out to be.

CHAPTER XXX.

Macaire's Secretary.

Half-past eleven came and still no Dick. But just as the clock of St. Mary's Church struck twelve the door was flung open, and Dick entered, whistling the latest music-hall air. Winifred ran to meet him.

"Oh, Dick, you'll wake everybody in the house," she said warningly.

"Well," he echoed. "My appointment's all right. And I'm to live in the handsomest house in this old village."

"What—you won't be at home? Oh, mother will be disappointed. Still, it can't be helped. Anyhow, you'll be in London."

"For a while. And then I'm going abroad with—him. Guess who. You've heard his name a thousand times. Think of one of the most important men in England. By Jove! von Zellheim has some swell friends."

"No; financier; sporting man—all round good fellow, I'll bet. And by Jove, he may do something for you. Seems he's interested in theaters. Got so much money he doesn't know where to put it all. But guess, Winnie."

The girl had grown suddenly pale. "I—can't," she faltered. "For Heaven's sake, tell me—quickly."

"Well, I'm private secretary, if you please, to nobody less than Mr. Lionel Macaire."

With a cry Winifred sprang to her feet. "No, Dick—no!" she gasped. "Say you're only joking."

"Then I should tell a lie. I'm in dead earnest. What makes you look so queer?"

The girl stood still, pressing a hand against each temple, her bright hair pushed back.

"Did you say that—Lionel Macaire was Hope Newcome's—Baron von Zellheim's friend?" she asked.

"Rather. They're no end of chums. Macaire calls von Zellheim 'my dear boy,' and pats him on the shoulder. He thanked von Zellheim for bringing us together, which it seems had all been arranged between them for some time before it came off. And I can tell you I have to thank young Zellheim, too. This will be the making of me, Win."

"It will be the undoing of us all," she moaned. "Oh, heavens to think that he should be false, too."

Dick stopped in his walk and stared at her. "I don't know what you're driving at, Sis," he said.

She seemed to be looking at him, though her eyes, dark with pain, saw nothing. Save Hope Newcome's face, which rose before them as if to mock her with its sham nobility, its sham truth, its sham love. But it was not for Dick to know the bitter anguish, the shame that made her writhe.

"It doesn't matter," she answered him dully, almost sullenly. "You can't possibly be Mr. Macaire's secretary, Dick—that's all."

"Can't?" he repeated. "My dear girl, you must be mad. The thing's settled. I go to work early to-morrow morning. Some time this winter he and I are off to the Riviera and Monte Carlo together; think of that!"

"I can't think of it. It won't be thinking of. For Heaven's sake sit down and write a letter saying that—that you accepted the offer under a misapprehension—anything—only make it dignified and firm. Oh, Dick, listen to me! The worst trouble I have ever known has come from this man. He has persecuted me. You weren't told because, though you're older than I am, you're very young in many ways, and it seemed best not. Even mother doesn't know nearly all. Because I wouldn't listen to his hateful love-making—"

"What!" broke in Dick. "He made love to you? I didn't know you'd ever met him. For goodness' sake, why couldn't you take him? He's no beauty, but by Jove! I shouldn't have thought there was a girl in England who wouldn't have snapped at the chance of being Mrs. Lionel Macaire."

"I would not have taken that chance," said Winifred. "He is a horrible man. But it was not offered to me. Rumor says there is a Mrs. Macaire—a woman he married long ago for her money, and perhaps drove mad, for she's said to be in an asylum."

"You mean, then—"

"Oh, Dick, don't ask me what I mean!"

Dick began walking up and down again, but his face was very grave, even sulky. He looked as he felt, personally injured by his sister's explosion.

"I'll bet anything you were mistaken," he said. "Girls are so morbid, they're always imagining queer things—especially girls on the stage. They're always thinking men want to insult them. I don't believe poor old Macaire meant anything of the sort. He's old—must be nearly sixty—not a bit of that kind. And why should he pick you out, anyhow, when there are such a lot of girls in the world?"

"Why, indeed?" echoed Winifred. "But whether you defend him or not, you certainly won't put me and myself into his power by—"

Now you're talking like the heroine of a melodrama," exclaimed Dick, flushed with vexation, and looking very boyish, very handsome. "Tell me straight out how he injured you."

"He was furious because I spoke my mind to him, if you must know. I told him I loathed him—that he was horrible. He induced Mr. Anderson to discharge me—"

driver of my cab one night, and—"

Dick burst into scornful laughter. "That's good enough for the Surrey side, but it won't do for West End drama!" he sneered. "Next, please."

"What is the good of telling you things if you won't believe me? Oh, Dick, I swear to you I'm not mistaken. Lionel Macaire is cruel as the grave. If he ever cared for me he hates me now, and he will never rest till he has had revenge."

He said he would bring me to revenge. For weeks he has been plotting against me. That company I joined in Brighton—so pleased because I was to have such a splendid salary and a lot in advance—was really his—"

"How did you know that? Did he tell you so?"

"No. But the manager did. He told me that Mr. Macaire was the backer. And it was all got up on purpose to humiliate me. If you were anyone but my brother you would have heard the gossip, you would have known about the wicked posters pretending to be pictures of me. It would have killed mother if she had seen them. I ran away because I would not play the part—and now that way has failed Lionel Macaire is trying another. Just what he means I can't see yet, but somehow he expects to hurt through you."

"You seem to think yourself a young person of some importance, my dear," retorted Dick, "that one of the biggest millionaires in the country should be fretting himself sick to get you in his power, as you call it. It is all a plot against you, and I'm a mere figure-head, why, your Hope Newcome von Zellheim is in it pretty thick, too."

The taunt was a sword in Winifred's heart. With a moan, like a dove wounded to the death, she covered her face with her hands and sobbed.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Dick Gray in Clover.

Dick honestly believed that his sister was making a tremendous fuss about nothing; and, being a young man with a very good opinion of himself, he was nettled that she should put him aside as a mere dummy, a cat's-paw by which a chestnut was to be dragged out of the fire. Besides, he had been half frantic with delight at the thought of so splendid an engagement, and he simply could not give up the radiant prospect which for the last few hours had dazzled his youthful eyes.

He thought Winifred a pretty girl, and clever enough, but, being her brother, he was unable to realize the fascination she might possess for other men, and he was sure that she flattered herself far too much in fancy that a man like Lionel Macaire should be at such desperate pains either to win or punish her.

"I'll ask von Zellheim to come here, and you can talk to him," he said when Winifred continued to cry.

"No!" she ejaculated quickly. "He must not come here. I never wish to see him again. I shall write to him myself to-night—and tell him so."

"And the reason, too?"

"He will understand that well enough, without explanation. Dick, you will write to Mr. Macaire, won't you? Even if you think I'm mistaken, do this for love of me. Oh, you could not go to him—you could not shame me by living in his house, taking his money!"

"By Jove, what it is to talk business with a girl!" groaned Dick. "They fly into hysterics. I've given my word to Macaire, to begin his work to-morrow. He's written to lots of chaps who were dying for it to say the matter's settled. I must have money somehow, for mother's sake and yours, as well as my own—"

"Do you think I'd touch what you had from that man, or let mother touch it?" the girl lunged at him.

Dick let the question pass. "I've debts to pay—more than you know of. I shall never get such another chance. Macaire hinted that if I did well he might think of me as editor of one of the papers he owns—"

"The one that told lies about your sister, perhaps?" cried Winifred, desperately. Never had she been really angry with Dick before through all the trying episodes of their youth together, but she was trembling and white with anger now.

"Maybe, if there were lies, that's the reason he'll get rid of the present editor, retorted Dick. "Anyway, my whole career's at stake, and I'd be a fool to give it up for a girl's morbid prejudice. I don't believe—"

"Don't repeat that again," she commanded, her eyes blazing. "I have told you the truth. You do not believe me. You do believe my best enemy. I can tell you no more as to that. But I do say, Dick, that if you go to his house you must not come back here—not while you are in his pay. And you may tell him why your mother and sister will not see you."

"Speak for yourself!" exclaimed Dick. "Mother and I will be one in this. We've only each other left in the world now—"

Winifred slept not at all that night. She told herself that never before had she known what real unhappiness was. She could have borne to give up her lover, but to know him unworthy—to know him, to whom she had surrendered her whole confidence, her whole heart, in the plot against her, perhaps from the very first—seemed more than she could bear and live.

Early in the morning she heard Dick stirring in his room, which was next to hers. At first she hoped that he had risen betimes to come and tell her that he was sorry for last night, that he had made up his mind, if only for her sake, not to go to Lionel Macaire. But she soon found out her mistake. Dick was packing. He did not even come to her door before he went, though he passed it, dragging the box, which he would leave in the hall outside for the janitor of the flats to carry down.

"If only he tells Lionel Macaire why I have not satisfied myself. Finally, we saw Postum. Coffee advertised, and bought a package. I followed directions for making carefully, allowing it to boil twenty minutes after it came to the boiling point, and added cream, which turned it to the loveliest rich looking and tasteful drink I ever saw served at any table, and we have used Postum ever since. I gained five pounds in weight in as many weeks, and now feel well and strong in every respect. My headaches have gone, and I am a new man. My husband's indignation has left him, and he can now eat anything." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Many people are brought up to believe that coffee is a necessity of life, and the strong hold that the drug has on the system makes it hard to loosen its grip even when one realizes its injurious effects.

A lady in Baraboo writes: "I had used coffee for years; it seemed one of the necessities of life. A few months ago, my health, which had been slowly failing, became more impaired, and I knew that unless relief came from some source, I would soon be a physical wreck. I was weak and nervous, had such sick headaches, no ambition, and felt tired of life. My husband was also losing his health. He was troubled so much with indigestion that at times he could eat only a few mouthfuls of dry bread."

We concluded that coffee was slowly poisoning us, and stopped it, and used hot water. We felt somewhat better, but it wasn't satisfactory. Finally, we saw Postum. Coffee advertised, and bought a package. I followed directions for making carefully, allowing it to boil twenty minutes after it came to the boiling point, and added cream, which turned it to the loveliest rich looking and tasteful drink I ever saw served at any table, and we have used Postum ever since. I gained five pounds in weight in as many weeks, and now feel well and strong in every respect. My headaches have gone, and I am a new man. My husband's indignation has left him, and he can now eat anything." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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heard Macaire would hear also, as they appeared to be such intimate friends. Winnie had said that she would not explain; von Zellheim "would understand" why he was forbidden to see her, without that; and whether he did understand or no was not Dick's business. Winnie and von Zellheim could fight their quarrel out between them.

Dick was rather unhappy for a few hours, for he was fond of Winifred in his way, and was sorry to have gone against her, though he did not for a moment really regret what he had done. But, established in his new quarters at Macaire's beautiful house, far more magnificent than anything he had ever seen, his spirits bounded up again. Macaire treated him right royally, and Dick was more indignant than ever that Winnie should cherish such unjust suspicions of so good a fellow.

He found that he was not Macaire's only secretary. There was another, an elderly man of a retiring disposition, who apparently loved work for his own sake; but he was on a very different footing in the big household from that on which Dick was at once placed. Either from his own choice or because Macaire preferred it, this person had his meals served in the room where he attended to his correspondence, and was seldom seen outside it, except when taking instructions from the millionaire; while, on the contrary, Dick was constantly in request. His daily task, apparently, was to do nothing more arduous than sending out or answering notes of invitation to entertainments, though even that bade fair to occupy him for a couple of hours each morning.

The first day in his new berth he lunched with Macaire and half a dozen rich city men, who had been asked to the house. He drank a great deal of champagne, smoked several cigars, which he thought fit for Olympus, and was excited and happy, contrasting the present with the past in scorn of the latter. The man who sat next him at the table took him quite seriously, despite his youth, and talked so alluringly of the stock market that Dick resolved as soon as he could scrape enough sovereigns together to go in for a little plunge of his own.

That afternoon he went with Macaire to the Park to try a pair of two thousand-guinea horses. Not a word was said about Winifred, who seemed to vanish into the background, appearing of less and less importance among so many really big interests in her brother's eyes.

Macaire was dining out in the evening, but a dinner was served for Dick such as could have been prepared at only a very few of the best London hotels; and that the millionaire's famous chef, whose salary was one thousand five hundred pounds a year, should exert himself for the insignificant second secretary, was flattering.

Dick was just finishing a bottle of Nuits St. George, which filled his veins with a tingle as of electricity, when a footman of whom he still stood in awe informed him that Baron von Zellheim was anxious to see him. "Ask him to come here and have a coffee and liqueur with me," commanded the young man with his lordliest air; and two minutes later Newcome, still in morning dress, was shown into the dining-room, looking pale, even haggard.

"Nothing at all for me, thanks," he said, impatiently brushing Dick's hospitality away with a gesture. "Do you mind having in what you want and sending the servants away?"

Dick did mind the strain of dismissing such stately beings, but he managed it with the best grace he could, and he and his guest were left alone.

"I don't know that I ought to have come to you," said Newcome, "but I couldn't resist. If you think I have done you a good turn in introducing you to Macaire, for Heaven's sake be frank with me, and tell me if you know what I have done to offend Miss Gray."

This was exactly what Dick did not wish to do. He would have given a good deal if Newcome had begun the attack in a less straightforward way, but he determined to hedge.

"Is she offended?" he enquired. "I haven't seen her to-day. I—left home before she was up."

"I had a letter from her this morning forbidding me to attempt to see her again or to write, and offering not a word of explanation. Of course, I could not sit still under that. I did go to see her—immediately. But the door was not opened."

"Perhaps she was out," suggested Dick. "There's no servant in the house; though of course that and many things will be different now that I'm making money."

"She was at home. The janitor told me that before I went upstairs. She must have been firm in her resolve not to see me. I then sent her a letter by messenger, imploring her to tell me what I had done, to give me a chance at least of defending myself. The letter was returned to me unopened in an envelope addressed by her. I am absolutely at a loss to understand it. The only thing

Measurized.

A Poisonous Drug Must Freely Used.

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We concluded that coffee was slowly poisoning us, and stopped it, and used hot water. We felt somewhat better, but it wasn't satisfactory. Finally, we saw Postum. Coffee advertised, and bought a package. I followed directions for making carefully, allowing it to boil twenty minutes after it came to the boiling point, and added cream, which turned it to the loveliest rich looking and tasteful drink I ever saw served at any table, and we have used Postum ever since. I gained five pounds in weight in as many weeks, and now feel well and strong in every respect. My headaches have gone, and I am a new man. My husband's indignation has left him, and he can now eat anything." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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left was to come to you. For Heaven's sake, don't keep anything back if you know what my offence is."

Dick reflected for a moment, and his forehead, under the boyish rings of hair, grew moist. He could not tell this man of the monstrous treachery of which Winifred accused him and Macaire together. No man would stand it. He (Dick) would only be breaking a wasp's nest about his own ears, without doing good to anybody, so far as he could see.

"Winnie doesn't often confide in me," he said at last. "She thinks I'm too young to be much good. I've been racking my brains as to what you can have done; but you know what girls are, especially actresses. They pride themselves on being whimsical and capricious; I believe they fancy it's fascinating. She's like all the rest. Perhaps by to-morrow she'll be sorry, and will write you a sweet little note, just as if nothing had happened—"

"She's not like that," said Newcome. "She must have heard something which has turned her against me, though I'm conscious of no sin which deserves such punishment."

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H. & C. BLACHFORD, 114 Yonge St.

Circumstance.

A humble imitation of M. Maeterlinck's style in his new volume, "The Buried Temple."—From "Punch."

46.

Therefore—for to this point we have come in something less than thirty pages—what is and what is not apart, with a gulf of dire mystery between. Buttercups grow, spangled rockets climb, incandescent to the vault of heaven, pinpricks—aye, and gnave-gashes—rend the silk of the aeronaut, else inviolable. Sunt nobis mitia poma, as the Roman said, sunt nobis mitia poma. But if that which is lurking in the present issue; if what is to be treasured, tremulous, on the skirt of the past; if, in a word, the whole scheme of agglutinate conglomeration is forever and irremediably interpenetrative, perforce we pause and ask: what remains? To eat, to drink, and then again to eat—thus past and present are merged in one explicit whole. And to keep the heart clear, the drains flushed, and the nebular hypothesis in the waistcoat pocket—may not this be the highest wisdom?

47.

I knew a man who had a dog. The man lived in one of two houses. In the other house lived another man. The dog of my friend barked. The nights were clear, and the moon shone. When the moon shone brightest, the dog barked loudest. Close to the houses there were shops. In the shops air-guns were on sale. My friend came to me in trouble. He had a dim presage of impending evil. The moon shone, and the dog barked. And then the moon shone and the dog barked no more. But still the moon shone. My friend told me so, and he is incurably accurate. And this is not a French exercise, but an illustrative interlude, full of point when considered in connection with the 46 preceding paragraphs, and the 60 or so which will come after. Remember, then, this word—the moon shone.

48.

For, after all, shrimps are not found in water-bottles, nor snails on tree-tops. Interfused with the subjectivity of the absolute is the one great, vehement, abiding law—who is late is not in time. And gazing at the abyss of the sky, lurid with constellations to half the world invisible, compact of mystery ineluctable, swarming with entities unimaginable and unimaginable—what shall the plain man do but gasp, and thank the gods when he sees at length a full-stop lurking somewhere in the distance? Because the task of apprehending happiness is based upon the same, or, if not, otherwise. Oh, strange enigma! For to pale pills the least palid of pink people will come anon.

49.

What, ask you, am I driving at. Ignorant of this you are; myself perhaps not ignorant the less. And yet, when we have journeyed together, you and I, through another three-score pages of this essay, who can say that we may not chance upon some glimmer of light? Nor, at the worst, will it irk you to have communed with intellectual magnitude—you, the petty, the unimpaired, with me, the master-mind. So forward! The worm is on the lawn!

50.

By an apotheosis of fervid crystallization. . . . (Actera desunt.)

Toil and the Designer of Things.

A GRAY mist seudded in front of the patch of blue sky that all afternoon had been peering between the tall buildings into the studio window, and carried away most of the light with it.

The Boy was glad of this, for his faith in himself was about gone. He gathered up his brushes, throwing a few curses at the weather as he did so in a bravado sort of fashion. He was determined not to be a fool this time and seek unsatisfactory sympathy from people who could not understand. Instead, he would go down to the "Vesuvius" and allow its liquid flame to consume his mood.

"Better be drunk than foolish," he said to the Girl as he started for the door. "I'm tired of this breathless pursuit of the Ideal. After all, if I did overtake her, I don't suppose she'd be worth while. This torture of self-denial, of looking forever over the roof in vain desire for the things that may never be, while the hot blood of youth in your veins commands you to drink deep of the things that are, is insanity. To the devil with work and the dreams of doing."

"It is discouraging, isn't it?" said the Girl. "I felt that way myself until you spoke. I looked at your work this afternoon and envied you."

"Envied me? Don't laugh at a fellow because you've happened to find the way to success. Suppose you do manage to paint good canvases and win plaudits. Ten million people have had the same little reward for the same nighty struggle. Already the wear and worry is showing on you. In ten years you will be gone from you and all you'll have for it will be the memory of heart's blood painted into canvas for trivial 'mention,' and tragic realization of your

Outings.

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Its high nutrition gives strength and nourishment without the internal heat of meat and other heavy food, keeping the temperature of the body cool and comfortable; its delicious flavor pleases every palate.

Picnicker and camper, as well as the housewife preparing the regular meals at home, can pass a pleasant and enjoyable summer by the use of this ready prepared and easily digested food, and will miss the usual heavy and sluggish feeling generally felt in hot weather.

Many pleasant ways of changing the form of use found in recipe book in each package.



"Say, Wunderbilt, me boy, are you in favor of the income tax?"
"Sure, old man; and I'm in favor of giving every man an income to be taxed."

limitations. The wise man is he who refuses to do what he is able to do; our ability always seems so much greater to us until we put it to the test. Never give yourself a chance. That's the only way to escape heart-break."

The Girl was fragile in the gray light. She stood at the window looking into the twilight that fell in hopelessness among the crowding walls of unsightly buildings. The Boy took a step toward the door. Then the Girl turned.

"I wish you would not talk like that," she said. "It hurts. Have I ever said I expected to do great things? You know I haven't. I was mean to-day and half envious for your gift. But I don't want to envy anybody. I try not to think of future or fame, for it is thinking of self-glory that brings pain and disappointment. I try to do my work as best I can because it is my work and because I must do it. I know it is delightful to win success. We can't help feeling that our effort has won approval. But I don't work for success. I put my heart into my pictures because I have to, and if by so doing I can soften, if only for an instant, some other heart; bring a look of wisdom into a careless eye; waken a longing in a dreamless soul; I have the greatest of rewards. Work for work's sake demands no sacrifice. On the contrary, it leads our feet into the ways where perfect happiness may be gathered."

"I know how weak I am and how discouraged I grow even yet. But discouragement never lingers long. All I need to do is remind myself that I am not an isolated toiler weeping out my own destiny in uncompanioned solitude, but one of many who are working to carry to completion the wonderful plan of the great Designer of things beautiful."

"There are no failures. Your discouragement helps me to catch the shadows my portion of the picture needs to-day; my rebellion shows you the glorious light of patience and sympathy your brush must depict."

"It's easy to talk hopefully when you're already in the sunlight of success," replied the Boy as he grasped the door-knob. "I'm tired of the shadows and am determined to get out of them. I'll enjoy myself in idleness for a while. I'll be on hand to help hang the Picture Beautiful when it is finished. I'm done with brushes."

The Girl laid her hand lightly on the Boy's shoulder. "What great work you are going to do," she said. "Some of the wonderful touches in the picture have been reserved for you. You are not tired of the pursuit of the Ideal. You are only impatient that your hand has not yet the wonderful skill your soul demands of it. Be patient; there's not only Time but Eternity for our work."

They stepped into the corridor and paused in silence. From a room opposite some divine melody drifted to them. The Boy was glad of the darkness, for his eyes were wet. He grasped the Girl's hand.

"I thank you," he said. "I guess I was only impatient."—Leavenworth Mac-Nab.

Mignon.

Mignon came in with easy grace. I caught and sat her on my knee; Against her neck I pressed my face.

Her neck, white, warm, and velvety. I whispered that I must arrange. The silken ribbon that she wore; Methought it folds were and strange.

The while she paused at yonder door. There met me timid, startled look. From eyes that had a wondrous glow. As with deft touch the hand I took. And fashioned quick a dainty bow.

A gentle hand in light caress. I laid upon the queenly head; My bearded face I bent; "Noblesse Oblige," I slowly, softly said.

She shrank as though my touch were rude. Like frightened fawn she sought to flee— I caught her ere she could elude. And once more held her on my knee.

"Ah, non, ma chere, a ci du Jeu! Il serait un si grand bonheur. Si vous aimez? Que voulez-vous? Ne suis-je pas sans reproche et pur?"

She struggled 'gainst my ardent hold. In vain resisted my embrace.— Was ever man as I so bold?— Until—she fiercely scratched my face.

She scratched my face with desperate dab; My arched brows cooled, alone I sat. And fell to hate the treacherous tab. My Mignon—yes, and every Cat!

Toronto.—Talbot Warren Torrance.

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an economical fuel in our larger cities, a fuel that is not controlled by any combination or corporation of capitalists, and which cannot be "bottled up" like anthracite coal, at the whim and caprice of a few interested individuals.

In the East, in the small strip of coast line embracing the larger cities of the United States, the householder knows no fuel but anthracite coal. Forgetting the ways of our forefathers, and now forbidden by law to use bituminous coal, the inventive genius of our stove-makers—stimulated and fostered in this anthracite hot-bed—produces only burners for hard coal; for our cellars, our kitchens and our apartments, our retail dealers alive to the forced demand, keep nothing but anthracite coal for sale, and when a strike occurs in this small coal-producing area, cutting short their supply, we must go without fuel or burn corporation gas at four or five times the cost of production.

The laws forbidding the use of bituminous coal in our larger cities is class legislation of the worst kind. First, because it does not prevent the rich few from using expensive canal coals—the heaviest smoke-producer known—and, secondly, because there is no reason why such laws should exist. In Great Britain, in Germany, in France, there is no anthracite coal mined or consumed. There the rich and poor alike burn bituminous coal, all carefully screened and prepared for domestic uses, and in improved burners whose perfect combustion prevents the escape of wasteful smoke. For smoke is simply unburnt coal, is nearly pure carbon, and should be consumed.—William Jasper Nicolls in "Era."

A Railway Man.

Extraordinary Unpleasant Symptoms of Kidney Trouble in this Case.

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Ottawa, Ont., July 7 (Special).—Frank Chartrand, a railway man, whose home is 130 Little Chaudiere street, has acknowledged that Dodd's Kidney Pills have done more for him than anything else in the world has ever done. He says: "I suffered with backache and was always drowsy and had a very heavy feeling in my limbs."

"I had frequent severe headaches and more times very sharp pains in the top of my head, which gave me much annoyance in my work."

"My fingers would cramp and I would have an uneasiness in my legs and occasional pains in the loins."

"I was dizzy in spells and short of breath. If I ate a hearty meal I would have a pain in my left side. My appetite would sometimes be very good and sometimes I couldn't eat anything."

"I had a constant soreness and tenderness over the spine and tired feeling in the region of my kidneys."

"I suffered quite a little with a dragging heavy feeling across the loins. Dodd's Kidney Pills were recommended to me by a friend of mine who had been cured, and I began to use them."

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PARTLY, no doubt, in recognition of the obduracy of climate, Professor Moore, chief of the United States Weather Bureau, has invented and patented a cold-air stove, of which the newspapers give descriptions. Being charged once a day with some sort of composition, the stove works automatically. The air inside of it getting cold, sinks and passes out through a pipe in the bottom. Warmer air runs in at the top, and so a current of air keeps running through the machine. The air comes out at a temperature of about 36 degrees. The warmer the room, the faster the machine works. It will reduce the temperature of a room to about 64 degrees. If the room is cooler than that there is no current, and the stove doesn't work. Besides cooling the air, it takes the dust out of it, and delivers it not only chilled, but clean. A stove twelve feet high turns out 125 feet of cold air a minute, which is enough to cool a hospital ward.

The inventor thinks his stove will be of great use to hospitals, which find serious difficulty in keeping sick patients comfortable in hot weather. No doubt, too, if it turns out well, it may be used in office buildings, and possibly in hotels and restaurants. It is possible that it may prove more satisfactory than the

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Herbert Spencer on "Americanisms."

M R. HERBERT SPENCER's recent protest against what he called "Americanisms" concludes thus: "Perhaps a little might be done if in return for criticisms on Americanisms like those passed above, Americans were systematically to expose deteriorations in the language as spoken here. They might, for example, mercilessly ridicule that vulgar misuse of the word 'awfully,' which has now continued for more than a generation."

A correspondent of the London "Spectator" adds: "This reminds me of the following rather good story told to me by a friend now deceased. A certain distinguished philosopher happened to be staying at a country house in which my friend was also a guest, and one morning a youngster looking out of the

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window, observing a large flock of rooks alighting on the grass, cried out: 'What an awful lot of crows!' upon which the philosopher, in a tone intending to convey a gentle rebuke, enquiringly said: 'Well, my young friend, are crows really so very awful?' The boy quickly answered: 'I didn't say, 'What a lot of awful crows!' but 'What an awful lot of crows!' The philosopher remained silent, and the boy whispered to my friend: 'Had him that time, I think, sir! This is a true story.'

"Do you believe in heredity?" "Certainly! I know a barber who has three little shavers."—Ex.

The man entering the store—Have you typewriter-ribbons? The fresh girl behind the counter—Is she blonde or brunette?—Yonkers "Statesman."



TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

EDMUND R. SHEPPARD - Editor

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To Our Readers.

Subscribers who contemplate a change of address for a few weeks will confer a favor by notifying this office early. Any irregularity in delivery by our agents should be promptly reported. No trouble to change your address and no postage to pay. If you buy "Saturday Night" on the street ask this office to send it to you while on vacation. Terms, five cents weekly.



THE gentle game of "bowls" is this week receiving a boost such as has never been known in its history in Canada. Bowling, in the vulgar sense, is a pastime not unknown even in "Toronto the Good," but the personnel of the gathering at the Island would no doubt resent the insinuation that there is any connection between the game in which they display so much enthusiasm and the diversion which the vulgar mind is so apt to associate with the word. The beautiful greens of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club, on which the Dominion championship tournament is being held, present a very attractive appearance, for no fewer than 256 bowlers, representing twenty-four different clubs, are competing for a very valuable assortment of prizes. This page goes to press too early to give the results of the tourney in detail, but the one result that is certain from such a meeting is that interest in the game will be greatly stimulated and the success of future tournaments assured.

The result of last Saturday's game at the Island between the Granites and the R.C.Y.C. bowlers was a win for the former by a score of 92 to 69. On the Victoria lawn the Canada Club was beaten by the Victorias by 23 points.

Speaking of the growing popularity of lawn bowling, it is said that its success, especially in Western Ontario, is due in no small degree to the interest taken in the game by the Hiram Walker Company. The annual tournaments inaugurated chiefly through the efforts of the Walker people and in which nearly all Western Ontario clubs take part, have served to bring it to the notice of sportsmen generally, with the result that the game is gaining a firm foothold as a popular pastime.

Saturday last was an ideal day for aquatic events in which wind was not a requisite. As a result the annual Toronto Canoe Club regatta and the sports of the Toronto Swimming Club were both highly successful, while the scheduled races of the R.C.Y.C. fell very flat. The rapid displacement of the rowboat by the canoe as a pleasure craft would probably account in some measure for the good-sized crowd that witnessed the Canoe Club's races.

Some of the finishes were most exciting. R. Bloomfield of the Argonauts winning the senior single blade event from A. McNicol of the Toronto Club. The exhibition of canoe manipulation by Messrs. Spratt and Kennedy served to demonstrate what a safe craft the canoe is in the hands of a competent paddler.

The regular Saturday meeting of the Toronto Swimming Club was the best of the season. After the land drill of the life-saving class the 100 yards match was an interesting race which was won by Percy Webb. The polo match, a game in which the player to shine has to know how to swim under all conditions, was the premier event on the programme. After a fierce contest the "Whites" won from the "Reds" by three straight goals.

The combined colleges' eleven, captained by Mr. J. J. Cameron, have proven themselves to be a pretty formidable combination of cricketers. In a game on the Mimico Asylum grounds they defeated the Mimico club by ten wickets. The Gordon-Mackay players, however, fresh from their Western trip, proved too much for the collegians, defeating them on the 'Varsity grounds on Monday last by a score of 77 to 66. Saturday's game at Rosedale between St. Mark's and the Rosedale Club resulted in a win for the latter by 41 runs. For Rosedale, Cooper topped the score with 33 runs to his credit. The Toronto Cricket Club easily won from St. Albans, the score being 115 to 33. J. S. Lyon's pretty batting enabled him to tally 35 runs for the Torontos. In the Church League, St. Cyprian's lost to St. Simon's by 64 runs.

The only event of importance in golf circles last Saturday was the monthly handicap of the Toronto Club, which was won by Mr. J. R. Meredith with Mr. Justice Street second. In the final game for the Gordon Osler trophy on Thursday, Mr. Stewart Gordon beat Mr. Blackwood after conceding him a handicap of two strokes, by 5 up and 3 to play.

It is interesting, sometimes, by way of ascertaining the relative strength of lacrosse teams in different leagues, to have them come together in an exhibition game. The Brantfords went down to Ottawa last Saturday, and with a team very heavily handicapped by the non-appearance of three of its leading home players, succeeded in giving the ever victorious Capitals a scare. The small margin of two goals scored by the Capitals in the last half would seem to



Canadian Scenes.—IV. Yuba Falls, near Ancaster, Ont.

indicate that in a return match the Brantfords would be certainly "it."

Toronto beat the Nationals on their own little sand-beach in Montreal, but their game with Cornwall at the Island to-day will do more towards determining the Toronto Club's standing in the big league than any game they have played up to date.

Orangeville's awakening and their pronounced defeat of St. Catharines, by 9 goals to 2, seems like a breath from the dead past, and they may yet prove their claim to be considered in the solution of the problems of the Senior C. L. A. Series.

The sanguine ones among Toronto sportsmen had come to count most confidently upon the annexing of either the Grand Challenge Cup or the Diamond Sculls trophy by the city's representatives at Henley. Some were even optimistic enough to predict that both the Argonauts and Lou Scholes could hardly fail to win. But it was not to be. The Argonauts, after winning their preliminary heat in good time, went down before Third Trinity, Cambridge, whose chances for winning the finals seem at the time of writing to be very bright indeed. Scholes, strange to say, fell a victim to the prowess of Titus, whom he so lately defeated at the Harlem regatta. There is, however, nothing discreditable in either performance. The fact that the time of Scholes' heat was only five seconds slower than the best time in which the Diamond Sculls have ever been won proves that he is in the front rank, and should he try again the experience acquired in this attempt will make him a most likely competitor.

As It Was in the Beginning.

I gave my lover tears of sacrifice,
My soul's white prayer, my dreams of paradise,
The vision of my guardian angel's face—
He laughed and turned away his weary eyes.

I gave my lover kisses bitter-sweet,
Strange, deadly blossoms for his soul's defeat.
The purple paths of Hell I lured him on—
His lips burn fiercely on my tear-stained feet.
—Elsa Barker in "Bookman."

The Centenary of Trousers.

SPeAKING of the centenary of trousers, "Fashion," an English journal, explains that they "came in" on account of the high living prevalent a hundred years ago. This produced a good deal of rot, whose twinges the tight-fitting costume in use at that period made unbearable. Hence the invention of the wider form of garment which soon became popular. Among the "dandies" of the period, however, the new style was regarded with contempt, and when Almack's was at its height as a fashionable resort the great Duke of Wellington himself was once refused admission because he presented himself in trousers instead of the (for that time) orthodox nether garments. A tragedy is associated with the discarding of the knee-breeches in Paris. A tradesman in the city took the sartorial innovation very much to heart. He foresaw that his occupation would soon be gone. Dreading a penurious old age, he ended his earthly troubles by drowning himself in the Seine. The poor fellow possessed at the period of the advent of the trousers one of the most prosperous businesses in his particular line in France. He was a maker of false calves for the legs of the nobility and gentry!

Shun Idleness and Live.

The venerable Senator Pettus of Alabama says that the secret of living long is to work. "I am eighty-one, and happy and healthy as a boy," he remarked the other day. "I notice that all of my neighbors who got rich and retired are all dead. I never got rich, and I never retired. I tell you, young man, the most fatal disease I know of is to quit work. It kills every time. Keep working, and you'll keep alive."



"Look here, what the deuce do you know about my finance?" (Sir Michael Hicks Beach and Sir Wilfrid Laurier.)

This cartoon from "Punch" gives an inkling of the attitude of the British public towards the preferential trade proposition. The B. P. thinks that the colonies come asking a concession for which they are willing to give nothing in return, and which also involves an interference with John Bull's domestic arrangements. Accompanying the cartoon, in "Punch's" weekly "Essence of Parliament," are the following notes of a supposed speech by Sir Michael Hicks Beach: "Got up now and warmly, indignantly, deprecated intention of tampering with principles of free trade. Studiously refrained from allusion direct or indirect, to an esteemed colleague. But got in a kick at Sir Wilfrid Laurier that greatly delighted Opposition. In the Dominion House of Commons Canadian Premier being saying things that formed logical conclusion of Don Jose's remarks at Birmingham. St. Michael rapped Sir Wilfrid Laurier's knuckles, told him to mind his own business, which he probably understood better than other people's." To Canadian readers the idea that Sir Wilfrid is anxious to burn his fingers in John Bull's pie is certainly amusing.

The House of the Green Shudders.

A STUDY IN GENIALITY.

THE frowzy chamber-maid of the Red Lion had just finished washing the front door steps, and feeling ill-natured she dashed the dirty water over Tam Bair-r-r-nie, who was passing up the street.

John Gourlay, the biggest and the richest and the most ill-natured man in Barbic, saw her do it and he chuckled to himself, not that he had anything against Tam, but that it pleased him to see folk in discomfort.

John was in high feather the morn, for his twelve draymen had been ordered by him to drive as noisily as they could past the house of the Widow Balharrie, who was just convalescing after a fever and for whom the doctor had prescribed absolute quiet.

"I wish I could be in the sick-room to listen to the groans of her when she hears my twelve drays rattle past. Eh, but it'll like give her a relapse."

Five or six men were standing at the Cross when John's hard steppers went by the widow's house, but although they knew that the noise would annoy the sick woman they were not so pleased as they might have been because it was Gourlay who was doing it. They could understand his doing the spiteful thing because it was just what they would have been glad to do if they had had twelve heavy drays drawn by loud steppers, but they were not men to applaud anything that John Gourlay did.

"I wish it was Gourlay's wife was sick an' us makin' the noise outside her window," said Sandy McSneddum.

"Yeth," said the Deacon with the lip that he used whenever Douglas remembered to give it to him. "Yes, I'd like to worry the dirty thlattern if I could."

"Oh, thut your mouth," said the Provost, imitating him.

The Provost was in an ill humor this morning, just as he was every morning. He was the most ill-natured man in Barbic, with the exception of nearly everybody else. But when it came to ill-natured jabs Gordie Douglas was not far behind the rest. There was not a character fit to put into a book in his estimation unless he was able to give a good tongue lashing at a moment's notice, and as for him he had a supreme contempt for every character. Gordie had written a book that was said to be the strongest thing in recent Scotch fiction. "So is cheese strong," said the Provost when they told him, "but it leaves a puckery taste to the tongue."

It was a well-known fact that John Gourlay of the House of the Green Shudders hated his unlovely and untidy wife and strengthened his fists on her whenever he saw her of a morning. Punching-bags were not common in Barbic and not likely to be used by John as long as his wife held out. He had one son and a daughter. He could just abide the daughter because she was more a Gourlay than anything else, but John looked so like his mother that his father never saw him without making a wry face at him and kicking him through the open or shut window.

The younger John could see things. Show him a primrose by the river's brim and he would fall to describing the Botanical Gardens at Kew. Let him hear a workman using his hammer on the kirkyard fence and he had a vision of a tropical thunderstorm and ran crying to his mother. He could stand the odor of one tulip, but three would throw him into convulsions. No wonder that to lethargic, brutal, domineering John Gourlay (dammit!) the extreme sensitiveness of the boy was the strongest kind of irritant. Every few years the old man kissed his daughter Janet; but for the boy he had a withering contempt that kept his upper lip in a constant pucker.

The villagers of Barbic wanted to obtain a water supply from Loch Barbic. If they could obtain the right of way through John Gourlay's land it would cheapen the cost one-half and it would be money in his pocket. Still there was not one of them dared go up and ask him. He had so much nastier a way with him than any of them had, although they were all as nasty as they could be with constant practice, that not one coveted the job of tackling big John.

Finally the Deacon, suffering from acute dyspepsia, felt in the mood to go up.

"Bad morning to ye, Mithther Gourlay," lisped the Deacon.

"A waur one to ye, ye thick-tongued driveller. What's gna'win' at ye now?"

"We want to get the right of way for the new Barbic conduit."

"What's the right of way?" said thick-tongued John.

"One of the six best sellers," said the Deacon, forgetting his lip in his anxiety to perpetrate a play on words.

"There's no cellar equal to that of the House of the Green Shudders," said John with a sour glower.

"It'll money in your pocket if you vote for it."

"And it'll disappoint every one in the village if I vote against it. It's worth votin' nay for sic' an' objec'."

Put that un'er your double tongue and tathe it," said John.

Hot Scotch words followed, and it ended by John's planting his brawny fist on the Deacon's leg in such a way as to lame him.

The only good-natured man in the village, the baker, said that he was sorry that John hadn't broken his fist when he hit so religious a man as the Deacon. Of course the baker's good nature was only relative. In Thrums or Drumtochty he could have posed as a scold, but at Barbic, where the rest were so much worse, his comparative good nature exposed him the more to the envenomed tongues of his neighbors. After all, a man who is good natured or who tries to lighten the gloom of such a world as this is, gives abundant proof that his liver is in better condition than his head.

John Gourlay's fortunes began to fall as soon as his hard steppers had disturbed the levered slumbers of the Widow Balharrie.

He despaired of his sentimental son ever becoming a merchant, and so he sent him up to Embro that he might be fashioned into a meenister—all he was good for.

If young John learned nothing else at the Univr'sity he did learn the use of the bottle; and while under the influence of his potations he wrote a bit of a composition, using nothing at all but words in it, and the fool of a professor announced that he had won the Rab Burns prize, simply because every other composition was twice as long as John's and twice as senseless, if that were possible. The foolish

oaf had the impudence to be pleased at having at last done something creditable (to give it so big a name) and he was so puffed up with conceit at his idiotic triumph that he actually went home with pride in his foolish noddle.

He was sure that his father would be glad, and old John was glad—so glad, in fact, that he forbore knocking John down for nearly a minute after his arrival, and only vented half his usual spleen on him before bedtime.

It was no little consolation to all the villagers excepting the foolishly good-natured baker to hear that Janet was threatened with blind staggers, the pleurisy, the pip, the mumps and the chicken-pox, and it was hinted at the Red Lion that John's wife had a half dozen of specially assorted diseases, any one of which was sure death.

Meantime young John, who had gone back to Embro, kept close to the bottle, and the bottle kept close to him. And whenever he drank too much Tam Wilson, son of his father's business rival, who was in the same class, would send a telegram to Barbic, and the villagers would hold a glorification meeting at the Red Lion and then send the good news to his mother, who actually doted on her boy and who hated to hear that he was drinking at any fount but that of learning.

Things had been going from bad to worse with old John's fortunes. A neighbor had given all his horses the epizootic, and the culmination came when Sandy McSneddum hamstringed the whole stud. It so happened that the same night John was expelled from the University for drunkenness and came home post-haste.

Old John was too angry to speak at first, which made it all the more terrifying to both John, his mother, and blind-staggering Janet. His two eyes gleamed like twin bullseyes.

He had been up on the step-ladder mending a rent in a cobweb. His wife would have let the cobweb hang unmended for days, but John Gourlay had always been tidy. His hammer lay beside him; likewise his gossamer nails.

After a silence of sixty minutes that seemed like more than an hour he sneered. "Ye've won hame, I observe, Dee-ee-ee-ee-ar me. Im-phm!"

There's nothing so very deadly in "im-phm" just to spell it, but to hear John Gourlay say it was to think of slaughter-houses and Verstachagin's battle pictures and Holy Innocents' Day and I don't know what all. The sarcasm of the man was just like vitriol on a bruised eye.

"Janet," said old John, "get me the bottle of poison, the demijohn of whiskey, a carving knife, a pistol and a hatchet. We'll have fun the night. Johnnie has won hame from the Univr'sity. He has larned to be a braw drunkard, and it's monny the drink he'll hae before cock crow. Im-phm three times."

Shuddering and quaking, Janet did her father's bidding. Outside, the postman was peeking in at the strange group, and foreseeing what would happen he soon left his vantage point and went down to the Red Lion to get the villagers to come up and be in at the death.

All night long John Gourlay poured whiskey into his son's mouth through a funnel, and when the whiskey was all gone he poured in the poison; but long before that Mrs. Gourlay and Janet had passed away, from mere horror of a scene that was to make excellent material for a gloom tale. Just before John was overcome he snatched up a huge Harlequin poker that Gordie Douglas had provided for just this emergency and with it he made a swash at his father that tumbled him off the ladder and put an end to his fortunes. At the same moment the mortgage was foreclosed with a bang, and the villagers, led by the Deacon and winding up with the baker, came to rejoice over the fall of the House of the Green Shudders.

"Served 'em good and raicht, tho'," said the baker, surly for once. "Pity George Douglas wasn't on the ladder when the poker swung up. He's more to blame for the condition of affairs than any one else. He's waur than a week of rain."

"Amen," said the Reverend Mr. Strothers.—Charles Battell Loomis in "Bookman."

Gratitude.

Old Tradesman (to his son)—Well, my boy, I've prospered in business, but I'm getting old now, so I've made everything over to you. I know you won't let your old father want, will you?"

Son—No, father. So long as you can work—of course, you're not worth much at your age—I'll give you fifteen shillings a week; but you'd better try to save something out of that for the time when you'll be past work."

Is a Real Person.

"THERE is no doubt that Mary McLane, whose 'story' was recently published, is a real person," says the July "Critic." "I have made inquiries in Butte, Mont., where Miss McLane lives, and find that she is all that she paints herself. My correspondent writes: 'She is nineteen years old and is as peculiar as her book. Two years ago she boasted that she was a liar and a thief. She seems to delight in saying such things. She was graduated from our High school a year ago. A few days ago Mrs. John-on (a cousin of Senator Clark) invited several of the society women of Butte to meet her. She insulted us one and all. I thought it was for notoriety and on account of her book until her teachers and her schoolmates told me of her peculiarities (to put it mildly) and her talk in school. My own opinion is that she is a subject for the reform school or the insane asylum, and the less notoriety given her book the better.'"

The Age of Fifty.

IN England lately they have been writing a good deal on the subject of man's achievement after he has passed the age of fifty. On the literary side of the question it has been pointed out that Samuel Richardson, for instance, attained his success after passing that age. The first part of "Pamela" was written in two months of the winter of 1739-40, and published in the latter year. Boswell had passed fifty when the work that has made him immortal, his "Life of Dr. Johnson," was published. After achieving this success he lived for only four years, and died sadly and ignominiously. Cervantes was fifty-eight when, in spite of all his miseries, he found the opportunity for completing the first part of "Don Quixote." Daniel Defoe was fifty-eight years of age when he wrote "Robinson Crusoe," and at the same period of life John Locke produced his essay, "Concerning Human Understanding." Milton was fifty-nine when "Paradise Lost" was published. Samuel Johnson was sixty-eight when he began to write his "Lives of the Poets," which has been called the most masculine and massive body of criticism in the language.

It is painful to note how many great men have died in the fifties. At fifty-one Tasso, Sir Humphry Davy, Henry Fawcett and Walter Bagehot, Madame de Staël and Cavour; at fifty-two Shakespeare and the great Napoleon. Thackeray, Eugene Sue, William Hazlitt, Alfred the Great and Lessing; at fifty-four Descartes, who in his early days had planned the restoration of the patriarchal period of life, on the ground that he could not accomplish his work in a shorter term of years. Hugh Miller's brave heart cracked, to use Carlyle's words, at the same period. Dante died at fifty-six, and so did Francis Drake, Captain Marryat, Philip Massinger, George Whitefield, Pope and Paganini. Blackstone died at fifty-seven, and so did Canning. Heine, Charles J. Fox and Vanbrugh. At fifty-eight Defoe, Charles Dickens, Andrew Marvel, John Donne, Richard Steele and Ann Radcliffe passed from this world. Montaigne, Oliver Cromwell and Lord Macaulay were among many who died at the threshold of sixty.

"Do you know anything about hypnotism?" asked the girl in the pink waist. "Well," replied the fluff-haired maid, as she held up her left hand to display a sparkling solitaire to better advantage, "you can judge for yourself."



THE great functions of the day at the Island are the morning and afternoon bathe and swim. Sometimes the swim is neither far nor long nor strong. We can't all be ducks, and many a fair Islandress and stalwart man person swims like a stone. The morning swim is for the stronger sex, and takes place about seven, then when the water grows warmer and the season is well advanced a "hen party" goes bathing about ten with a stray man visitor on his holidays or so much of a millionaire that office hours can't bind him to the city. The general bathing hour these days is about 4 p.m., and from that time until six or later the mermaids are to be seen in their bathing suits, perched on the beach, or sunning themselves and drying the glory of woman, long hair! Many and varied are the costumes affected for these enjoyments at the Island! The transit of Venus from her bathe to her dressing-room is not unbecoming, but when the men folk emerge in their bath attire they are sometimes a weird sight. The tall and skinny person is apt to look something like this, his stature increased by the capote with which he strives to mask his blushes, and his appearance being greeted with jeering comments from the short fat man, whose puncheon build, no neck and full moon face are admirably made evident by a broad-barred bathing suit which hoops in his swelling chest (?) (bulging like a stately pleasure dome and seeming to inflate the more as he bobs round in the water). There is any number of small fry always on hand at the bathing hour, but they are not restricted by times and seasons. Any old time they do for the small Islander's dip and wade and splashing match. If he is only over from town for a few halcyon hours and has no bathing suit he takes off his shoes and socks, and wets his little knickers into painful roll-ups and then goes in as far as he dares. The small girls are often similarly permitted to wade with their brief skirts made still more brief by careful wading up. The infantile extremities are always pretty to see, as they splash in and out of the rippling water or turn up disgruntled toes at the sharp pebbles or coating sand on the beach. There are no Frenchy bathing suits nor hooded chairs nor elegant peignoirs at the Island. Style has happily not yet gotten a foothold in this restful, healthy, happy summer playground.



"The tall and skinny person."



"Of puncheon build."



"Takes half a dip before dinner."

which recall those Brobdignagian berries which one gets in Scotland and England, five being a plateful. They are Island grown, and the Islanders are proud of them. Being "in the swim" has not its usual fascination at the beach this summer, as the damp late season has left the lake extremely cold, and Venus often has to take something decidedly hot after she has her five minutes' dip and swim.

A pretty sight at Center Island is the six o'clock boat parade. When mamma comes to meet papa. Ducky is waiting for Lovie, and ruddy or sunburnt little boys and girls caper and prance to escort daddy back to the evening meal at home or pension. The busy or bored city man delivers up sundry neat little boxes, papers, letters, and so on, graceful young daughters hang on his arms, and tell him of the improvement in the temperature of the water, the new arrivals, the various such-like thrilling items which make up the even tenor of Island life. The busy or bored city man pushes back his Panama hat, inflates his chest, kisses his babies, dives into his bathing suit, and takes half a dip before dinner and half a nip between whistles. The unexpected guest is welcomed with hearty acclaim, and given good cheer, such as tastes better than ever with Island air as an appetizer. Then the hammock belle tumbles into her swaying couch with her novel as a digester. She doesn't wear the silk frills and Louis XV. slippers of her sister at the swell summer hotel. Her skirts are short and plainly tailored and her little tocsies are often in stubby toed beach shoes—for her motto is "comfort, not style." Lights begin to twinkle in quaintly furnished rooms, a young moon hangs a modest silver crescent over Lake Ontario, banjos thrum, canoes glide, bicycles flit by, the day is over!



"Stylish enough."

Education.

Two years ago she showed to me
Her B.A. with an honest pride,
To-day she has a new degree—
M.A., with B.A. BY her side.

—Felix Carmen.

A Hot Weather Homily.

HERE is a theory held by some students of sociology, and not wholly without foundation in the known facts of history, that civilization, after it reaches a certain height, falls back into barbarism, like a tower grown top-heavy or like a vine that cannot support its own weight. It is not a pleasant idea. It is not flattering to man's sense of his own importance in the scheme of things. It is doubtless the wise course to keep pessimism out of our minds and hearts, for whatever tends to paralyze the activities—and dark forebodings about the destiny of the race must inevitably do this for the individual who harbors them—cannot be for our own health or for the health of society. On the other hand a sober facing of unpleasant truths may occasionally be good for us. A dash of salt adds savor to many a dish that would otherwise be insipid. Even unimpaired constitutions occasionally require a course of corrective medicine. In the same way a little of the philosophy of the cynics, sparingly used, may serve as an antidote to the cock-sure conclusions and extravagant expectations in which mankind generally is prone to indulge.

Looking about on many of the things that are constantly happening in this city and in other cities where civilization is supposed to have come to a high state of perfection, there certainly seems to be ground for the question whether society is still developing upwards or whether it has reached the height from which it must retrograde, as other societies in times past have retrograded. It is the habit of our self-satisfied thought to largely ignore the unpleasant things that would disturb our consciences or darken our outlook. But sitting down and calmly casting up the account of matters as we find them in every great social center at the dawn of the twentieth century, how many of us can honestly say we are satisfied that the balance is on the right side? I picked up one of Monday evening's papers and read that the nuisance of false alarms of fire, rung in by thoughtless or vicious persons in this city, has become so persistent, so intolerable and so fraught with danger as to determine the Fire Department to abandon the use of the little glass doors on the signal boxes, by means of which alarms can be instantly turned in with the least loss of time to both the sender and the firemen. This is an isolated and a seemingly insignificant fact in the great current of a city's life, yet it seems to me to exemplify that spirit of vandalism which is abroad, and which in Toronto has manifested itself of late whenever it had the slightest occasion or opportunity, either in public excitement or a popular rejoicing, or in the daily ebb and flow of the crowd. In every large city, and for that matter wherever humanity is to be found, there is a vicious element, but the vicious and depraved seem to be coming into greater prominence instead of subsiding before the influences of education, religion and law. This is a hard saying, but is it not warranted by the facts? Commencing with Pretoria night over two years ago, and coming down to the celebration of the street car strike settlement a couple of weeks since, is it not true that a destructive temper has been manifested by the crowds who gather whenever there is excuse for a demonstration? Property has been wantonly damaged under the very eyes of the police—not only public property, but the property of unoffending and wholly defenceless persons. But it is not only under cover of the crowd that vandalism has asserted itself. The marking and defacing of costly buildings, buildings that are in every sense ornamental, and in which everyone might be supposed to take a pride, tells the same story. Many of Toronto's finest business blocks have been written upon and despoiled out of sheer depravity. It is a shameful thing when lawdness, armed with chalk or pencil, can stalk abroad in the streets of a city or sneak through the corridors and halls of the proudest public edifices.

These are a few of the items on the debit side of the account when it is all figured out. But they are only a few. Let one follow the Police Court reports for only a few days and observe the class of offences that are being constantly dealt with. Let him look abroad and consider what is happening in other cities, compared with which Toronto is fortunately situated. Let him reflect on the inefficiency of city government everywhere complained of, and on the corruption added to inefficiency in many places. Let him think of the slums contrasted with the palaces—not in effete Europe only, but here in the Western world, where society was to have been strong and regenerate. Let him pause over the tidings of industrial strife—the blind greed of labor pitting itself against the blind greed of capital. Let him, in fact, summarize and review the daily news of the week, and leaving out of the reckoning the international jealousies and ambitions that have laid an ever increasing burden of armament upon the whole world, he will find in the record of purely domestic, civic and industrial life much to occasion a repetition of the question whether civilization has reached its culmination and must go back for a fresh start.

Of course, to speculate about an ailment, without seeking to remove it, would be folly, and if it is true that the outlook is in some of its aspects discouraging it is also true that no good can be accomplished except by actively combating evil tendencies, as we find them, how and when we may. The life of society, of the world, is the life of the in-

dividual multiplied by so many hundreds, or thousands, or millions. Thereize as we may, the improvement of society can only be accomplished through the slow and sometimes seemingly hopeless process of improving the individual. It is not always possible to reform others, and not always expedient to try. But it always is possible to experiment a little with ourselves. Like charity, aspiration to make the world better should begin at home. It may be disheartening to see so much selfishness and folly and "pure cussedness" in humanity, and it may tend to make us accept the view that as the sands of other civilizations have run out, so shall the sands of ours. But there is only one thing to do about it, and that is to look narrowly to our own intentions and motives while we await the coming of "some common wave of thought and joy lifting mankind again."

THE STUDENT.

Whist.

Hour after hour the cards were fairly shuffled
And fairly dealt, but still I got no hand;
The morning came, and with a mind untruffled
I only said: "I do not understand."

Life is a game of whist. From unseen sources
The cards are shuffled and the hands are dealt;
Blind are our efforts to control the forces
That, though unseen, are no less strongly felt.

I do not like the way the cards are shuffled,
But yet I like the game and want to play;
And through the long, long night will I, untruffled,
Play what I get until the break of day.



"A CANADIAN EXPORT."

A pencil-kodak of Edward Blake from "Punch."

Inbred Conservatism.

THE tendency of people to resist progress of any kind probably has its foundation in envy as well as fear. New contrivances are now, as they almost invariably have been, so expensive that the vast majority cannot become possessed of them. In manufacturing concerns, when machinery first came in, the machines were the property of either those who had considerable property, or syndicates of men who were able to gather together the price, consequently the poor and the middle class looked with suspicion upon means of producing goods which to them were unattainable and which threatened to put them out of business. In later days contrivances for amusement or transportation excited envy primarily, though fear formed a considerable element in the opposition shown to railway trains, steamboats, bicycles, and now to automobiles. Since the three former have become the vehicles of the poor as well as the rich, the opposition to them has entirely died out. With the automobile it is different. It is the rich man's luxury. In scarcely any way does it contribute either to the poor man's convenience or pleasure, and it seems to have been selected, particularly in the United States, as a mark for popular and bucolic legislation and opposition. When electricity was first applied to the running of street cars in Toronto the most dismal forebodings were expressed as to the loss of life which would result to pedestrians and to those driving horses, which, it was predicted, would continue to run away every time they saw an electric car. As a matter of fact, the old-fashioned, slow-going horse cars killed and injured as many people as the swift-moving electric trams. People have become accustomed to keeping out of the way—a feeling of danger having implanted a caution which was never felt when the horse cars were in use. The horses themselves have become accustomed to the new condition of things and, unless strangers to the city, exhibit no more fear of an electric car than they do of the buildings and pavements which line the streets. In time not only those who handle the automobile, but pedestrians and horses will become so familiar with this rapidly-moving vehicle that but few accidents will be properly attributable

to the new machine which is slowly but everywhere gaining in popularity. This being the case, it seems a senseless and demagogic impulse which leads even such high-class papers as New York "Life" to make unrelenting warfare upon the new means of locomotion. As yet the automobile is still so much of a rarity in Toronto, and their drivers are so conservative, that no clamor has been raised, but it probably needs only a little more popularity and one or two accidents to raise a shout either for their abolition from our streets or so slow a gait that we will find ourselves behind the world in this exhilarating mode of travel. M.D.

Our Latent Nomad Instinct.

In our work we get further and further away from the earliest types of civilization, but in our play we come at times very near to prehistoric life. Our picnics are an attempt to satisfy our latent nomad instinct, our games and races are a symbol of the fierce struggle for existence which was a very real literal conflict in those far-off days, but has been modernized under the name of trade competition. And our love of shooting and fishing and hunting has no doubt been inherited from those who long ago hunted, not for pleasure, but for dinner.



The Summer Visitor.

When he came into the office he looked scared and excited. Moreover, he was just about winded. I recognized in his dress and appearance all the easily detected hall-marks of the stranger in town, and wondered whether he had climbed up four flights, not having sense enough to wait for the elevator. But his air of general sharpness and intelligence belied the thought.

"Blow me," he puffed, "but this is either the swiftest or the slowest town I was ever in. You give a fellow a lively welcome, sure enough."

"I trust you'll find us not inhospitable," I said. "Won't you be seated?"

"Thanks, don't mind if I do. You see I've just come in by the Niagara boat, and getting across those tracks at the wharf is a somewhat exhilarating experience when a fellow has his mother-in-law, his wife, three children, a go-cart and a valise to handle. I don't know that I ever had to step much livelier. Your city certainly produces a unique impression on her guests at the very go-in. Visitors to Toronto must treasure up thrilling memories of the town and how they reached it, long after other places have been submerged in the confused jumble of uncherished recollections."

"Yes, Toronto can claim distinction beyond all other cities on this one ground at least. If a person or place can't be remarkable for their virtues," I said, "perhaps the next best thing is to be remarkable for the lack of them."

"Oh, come now," he protested, "don't be too hard on your town. I am not kicking, you know—fact is, I enjoyed the excitement. But I haven't recovered my breath quite—that's all. You see it was this way. After we got off the boat, I lined up the procession as follows, preliminary to a dash across the zone of fire, so to speak: The oldest boy I placed in charge of his mother; the girl I gave into my mother-in-law's care; the baby I took on my right arm, and placing the grip in the go-cart, steered it with my left hand. Then placing myself at the rear end of the caravan I awaited a favorable moment and gave the signal to start. My wife and the boy had navigated across two tracks in safety and the rest of us were chasing them hard when along came a shunting engine and forty-eight empties, successfully cutting off our advance guard from the rest of the forces. I yelled to them between the cars to keep right on—not to wait for us; and as soon as the empties had passed Gran'ma and the little girl were ready for a second start. They made the break, but I was too late, for just then the shunting engine had taken a notion to bring those forty empties back again, and before I could shove, drag or kick that confounded baby carriage across the track those doddered cars were again between my portion of the column and the other divisions. This time the engine-driver decided to give us a rest; evidently he thought we looked as though we needed one—anyway he kept his train in the same position for what seemed like half an hour, while I frantically signalled to the rest of the expedition to keep right on and not worry about the general. Well, this would have been all right, but just about then the baby started to howl for his mother, and poor Gran'ma got excited because she thought she saw another engine bearing down in the distance. She let go of Gwendoline's hand and Gwendoline made a race for Yonge street and got there. Of course, Willie started to cry, and then just as Gran'ma started after Gwendoline, somebody's dog started after Gran'ma and playfully tore her gown, and to cap the climax another train shunted along and got between Gran'ma, Ma and Willie on one side, and poor little Gwendoline on the other. Well, to cut the story short, it was a long time before a family reunion could be celebrated in safety on the Yonge street side. Gran'ma was almost in hysterics and proposed to hold a thanksgiving service on the spot. Gwendoline, Willie and the baby were in tears. Ma was madder'n a wet hen, and as for me, I wished I had never come, and also that I had never got married and assumed such numerous responsibilities. Finally, after a few experiences with bicycles, automobiles and butcher wagons, we got to our hotel without the loss of life or limb. But it's a marvel, sir—nothing short of a marvel. I don't know when I shall quite recover my equilibrium. By the way, can you tell me where the United States Consulate is? That is the place I'm looking for."

"Two flats below at the front," I answered, and with profuse thanks and equally profuse puffings the Summer Visitor withdrew. ASTERISK.

Gauging Intelligence.

The intelligence of people may be gauged, says the "Family Doctor," by asking them to make a circle on paper with a pencil and noting in which direction the hand is moved. The good students in a mathematical class draw circles from left to right. The inferiority of the softer sex as well as the male dunces is shown by their drawing from right to left. Asylum patients do the same.



The Colonial—Look, boys, here's a specimen of the guys they have on the balcony.

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Improved Train Service to New York.

Arrangements have been made by the New York Central, taking effect Monday, July 7, to attach at Hamilton to the 6.25 p.m. train a dining car to run to Buffalo, and to attach at Buffalo to run to Hamilton a dining car on the 7.45 a.m. train. This will enable this progressive railway to better meet the requirements of the patrons of the New York car leaving Toronto at 5.20 p.m., Hamilton 6.25 p.m., and leaving Grand Central Station, New York, at 8 p.m. The buffet car has not been satisfactory for the number of people handled, and this additional dining car is with a view to giving the very best possible service that can be obtained between Toronto, Hamilton and New York.

Anecdotal.

The "Courier de Paris" relates that a party of men, sitting in front of a boulevard cafe, were recently approached by a man who had a clarinet in his hand, and who said: "Gentlemen, excuse me, I have to make my living, but I suppose you would rather give me a sonnet to hear me." They took the hint. He repeated this performance several times, till, one day, one of the men said he felt like hearing a tune, and asked him to play. "I am sorry," said the man with the clarinet, "but I cannot play a note."

George Douglas, the author of "The House with the Green Shutters," says that once he met Froude in the house of an Oxford don. "It's astonishing," the historian remarked to Douglas, "it's astonishing! You're the living image of my dear friend, the late John Conington." Douglas said he was glad to hear he was so like the great authority on Virgil. For a moment Froude's thoughts seemed to be busy with the sacred past. "Conington," he then added, dreamily, "was the ugliest man I ever clapped an eye on."

A beginner in newspaper work in a

"The Book Shop."

VACATION MESSAGES.

The "Book Shop" offers a dainty box of azure bond stationery—one hundred sheets, fifty envelopes. The price is a special one—50c.

The thin, crisp sheets make a pretty medium for vacation correspondence, and, best of all—they take little space in the "packing." There are just enough envelopes to "last out" the paper.

The "Imprimery" can stamp this paper promptly for you, should you wish.

Many pleasant summer stories are offered at the "Book Shop." You're very welcome to choose by visiting us.

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Southern town who occasionally "sent stuff" to one of the New York dailies picked up last summer what seemed to him a "big story." Hurrying to the telegraph office he "queried" the telephone editor: "Column story on so and so. Shall I send?" The reply was brief and prompt, but to the enthusiast unsatisfactory. "Send 600 words," was all it said. "Can't be told in less than 1,200," he wired back. Before long the reply came: "Story of creation of world told in 600. Try it."

Several stories are told of Tennyson's thoughtless speeches. "What fish is this?" he once asked his hostess when he was dining. "Whiting," she replied. "The meanest fish there is," he remarked, quite unconscious that he could have wounded anyone's feelings. Yet his kindness of heart was such that when his partridge was afterward given him almost raw he ate steadily through it, for fear his hostess might be vexed. On one occasion Tennyson was very rude to Mrs. Brotherton, a neighbor at Freshwater. The next day he came to her house with a great cabbage under each arm. "I heard you liked these," he brought them," he said, genially. So it was his idea of a peace-offering.

In a speech in London the other day, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman told an admirable story of the advice given by an Englishman, a Scotchman, and an Irishman, respectively, to a gentleman whose servant was constantly breaking articles in the household. The Englishman, in his blunt, honest way, said to the employer, "Oh, get rid of him—dismiss him." The Scotchman's advice was, "Stop the money out of his wages." "But," said the master, "he breaks more than his wages amount to." "Then," said the Irishman, "raise his wages."

An extremely stout, good-tempered Englishman once contrived to wedge himself into a gallery seat at the Adelphi Theatre that would have accommodated a person of ordinary size, to the unbecoming annoyance of a smartly dressed youth next to her. She began to peel an orange, and the youth, with a gesture of complaint, removed his hand from his pocket. "I suppose," said the good-tempered woman, "that you'd rather have had a gentleman sitting by the side of you, sir, wouldn't you?" The youth replied, snappishly, in the affirmative. "Ah!" said the woman, thoughtfully, "so would I!"

United States Senator Perkins says that once when he was a sailor, a tremendous storm came up, and it looked as if the vessel were doomed to go under. In the midst of the excitement a minister, who was one of the passengers, asked the captain if he could have prayers. "Oh, never mind about the prayers," said the captain; "the men are swearing too hard to stop for prayers, and as long as you hear them swearing," added the captain, "there is no danger." The minister went back to his cabin. A little while later, when the storm grew worse, the preacher went on deck to see what the sailors were doing. Then he went back to his wife. "Thank God!" he said, fervently, "those men are still swearing."

Henry Crabb Robinson, the kindly and philosophic barrister, once gave an effective rebuke to the habit of fault-finding. It was, as we read in his diary, during a visit to Paris. He had spent the day in sightseeing with a London acquaintance, who said to him at parting, "I will call for you to-morrow." "I will thank you not to call," replied Robinson. "I would rather not see you, and this evening else with you, and I will tell you frankly why. I came to Paris to enjoy myself, and that enjoyment needs the accompaniment of sympathy with others. Now you dislike everything and find fault with everything. You see nothing which you do not find inferior to what you have seen before. This may be all very true, but it makes me uncomfortable. So I shall be glad to see you in London, but not in Paris."

Lord Spencer of Althorp, one of the greatest of book collectors, was at home only in his own field. One day, in browsing about Bond Street, London, he went into the shop of a dealer in bric-a-brac. The dealer, who knew him by sight, said, persuasively: "Here is a fine bit of pottery which your lordship really ought to have, and you shall have it very cheap—only two guineas." So Lord Spencer bought it and took it home, and set it in a high place. One day a connoisseur of china paid him a visit, and Lord Spencer showed his bargain. "What did you give for it?" asked the connoisseur. "Two guineas," answered Spencer, rather proudly. "It's!" said the connoisseur. "At that price the narmalade should have been included." "What do you mean?" "Why, that precious piece of yours is nothing more nor less than a shilling narmalade pot, with a green thistle painted on it."

Slang's Witchery.

Sadie is rude, though of the gods
A daughter most divinely fair,
She terms my soulful tributes "cuds"—
My tributes to her eyes, lips, hair.

I say her presence sheds a glow
Like sunrise shimmering o'er the dunes.
Unmoved, she answers: "Is that so?"
Oh, Petey, you are full of prunes!

In ecstasy of high-wrought zest
My passion fills the ambient air;
A royal crown, I vow, should rest
Upon her wealth of wavy hair!

She darts at me contemptuous glance,
As though she'd read me through and through,
And wakes me thus from Love's sweet trance:
"Oh, lkey, quit that bunch-talk—do!"

I gaze into her azure eyes,
And swear their depths a soul reveals
That willing angels watch and prize—
That to one's holiest sense appeals.

The eyes take on chameleon change,
And dimples vanish, red lips part;
Her answer—"Oh, 'tis passing strange!"
"Ring off! Forget it! Cut it out!"

Showed ever mouth such perfect curve!
A mouth, I ween, of Venus mould;
"Just one," sweet pet! "I like your nerve!"
You dare!" she says, "I'll knock you cold!"

And yet I kick not 'gainst such things,
Nor suffer from acute neck-pang,
The while this red-hot stuff she slings,
For—well, I'm—er—stuck on Sadie's slang.

—Talbot Warren Lorraine.

Lever's Y. Z. (Wise Head) Disinfectant Soap
Powder is better than other soap powders,
as it also acts as a disinfectant.

Why Kipling Was Not Knighted

A Fine Book. Men, Women and Weans.

ONE of the questions which came insistently after the Coronation honors were announced was, "Why didn't Rudyard Kipling get any?" Not everyone loves the poet-novelist equally well. There are shoals of old-fashioned persons who deny that he ever wrote anything good but the "Recessional." Hundreds of persons decline to see merit in those inimitable "Soldiers Three," nor anything but lax morality in "Without Benefit of Clergy." "Kim," that wonderful word-picture of Indian boyhood, is a sealed book to some readers. Yet even among such, there is a mild surprise that "Gilbert Parker, M.P." is now a "Sir" and Rudyard Kipling plain Mr. K. A friend who I think is an authority reminds me that the "Sir" was proffered to Kipling by the late Queen, but that, like two or three whom we have known, he preferred himself unadorned. Lightning of that sort does not strike twice in the same spot, and therefore it wasn't his "plain words" from the poem, nor his other indiscretions of knowing and telling things, hard, if true, that caused him to be over-passed in the distribution of small favors. Besides, I fancy that the rumored sensitiveness and resentment of the British cricket and football players against Kipling was mostly existent, like many another unwise thing, in the newspapers.

There is a new book that anyone who loves a straight story from nature's heart will read with delight. It is "The Virginian." Perhaps it is with a sort of fear and fascination that a woman will tiptoe into the real life of a real cowboy, with many dark days and pathetic episodes. It gives one almost a wrench of the heart to take an interest in the Virginian, little as he is likely to appreciate that interest. He runs away from his Southern home, the wild, black sheep of his fold, with his drawl and his cheerful oaths and his persistent and triumphant methods, and we find him as a bright and comprehensive type of the jingling, impulsive, undaunted "puncher," as masterful with his horse, his herd and his Vermont sweetheart as soul could desire. Less than a score of years old is the tale of Wyoming and its cattle-men, but, as the author assures us, the latter are seen no more. The book, like Norris's "Octopus," takes us into broad country, fresh air, life strenuous and hearty, death tragic and terrible. One knows the Virginian, the Eastern school teacher, the tenderfoot who grew tough and learned the way of the plain, the mountain and gulch, the weak and the strong men, the Satanic Balaam and the malignant Trampas, the judge and the missionary, upon whom the Virginian had no mercy. It is only days after one has read and laughed at the tricks of the cowboys and read and shivered at their stern tragedies that one realizes that such a book, like "The Gadfly," "The Octopus," and their like, is never quite forgotten. It is a look at the real thing. One could almost pray to be rid of the memory of Balaam, and his tortured pony Pedro, and the Virginian, horse thief, supported to his hanging by the vigilants, and sincerely commiserated because he couldn't eat his breakfast; of the haunted ride, which envelops the reader with vague and voiceless apprehension. But such an ending to so thrilling a tale as the honeymoon of the Virginian and his beloved surely never gladdened a reader trembling under the tragedy which just preceded it. So pure and sweet and satisfactory a bridal journeying and tarrying is not often told in so lovely a way. Read "The Virginian," laugh at the "Emly hen," chuckle over the mixed-up babies, smile at the vigil of the soul-saver, and fill you full of weird, tragic terrors, of the cotton-woods, the day-dawn hanging, the sunset shooting, the doing to death of Shorty's beloved Pedro, the storm and the strife, until, like a canoe just through the rapids, you swing into the peace of the last scene.

Little children who love one sometimes say most pretty things. "Think of me sometimes," I begged the small boy, all agog to rush to his train and his holiday by the sea. "No—that makes me always lonesome," he declared. "I like to see you; not think of you." More gravely and ingenuously said little sister, "Good-bye. It begins already to be a long time before I come here again!" And the last little one, who put a fat little warm fist in mine by way of farewell, sighed, "We do have fun, all but the good-bye part!" The frankly selfish, freely bestowed love of the wee bodies leaves a pleasant flavor in life.

"What appeals most to men in women?" asks a country girl, among a lot of hard posers. As many diverse things as there are different makes of men, I fancy. Sometimes drivelling silliness, as it looks to me, delights and excites a very brainy man. Sometimes a dull man adores a brilliant woman, fulfilling the proverb that in such opposites love seeks its satisfying; sometimes a pompous prig approves of another pompous prig. A coarse man enjoys a woman of robust and undaunted nerve in matters of repartee; a thoughtful, gentle person shrinks from the knowing female who can stand a broad jest or a spicy story. What pleases men? Do not expect, in answer, but generally good looks, neat and pretty garb, natural aptness and sympathy. In some cases it is enough.

Unreasonable.



"That Mr. Canner was complainin' about the corn an' termatters at dinner again to-day, paw," stated the daughter of the landlord at the Higgins Farm Hotel and Summer Resort.

"He's got no call to kick," asserted Mr. Higgins. "Them corn an' termatters comes straight from his cannery, an' they got his own guarantee on every can for bein' fresh and reliable."

to persuade them that you find them interesting and worthy, to tickle them most to death.

"A Farmeress" who seems to have a brain all awake insists that she must make herself an influence for good. I am not in love with the idea of developing oneself for that great purpose. It will follow of itself without any striving on the part of the farmeress or anyone else, but it is too priggish an aim for me. By all means, think, read and think again, good Farmeress, and make yourself wise; but, hark a bit! don't get so wise that you forget the way of a woman. We have the most wonderful power just because we are women, not students, or politicians, or artists, or inventors, just merely women. When I see a keen student developing her intellect and starving her soft and emotional nature, growing to feel aloof from men and independent of them, I can't go about hectoring, hectoring like a Susan B. Anthony, and talk of "emancipation," for I am too distressed at the spoiling of a real, natural woman. You can't pet a woman while she is working out a problem in Euclid; it disturbs and annoys her. And a woman who knits her brows over the study of Single Tax won't receive a compliment graciously. She may develop, but a fig for her influence! Whereas, a tactful, tender, sympathetic little body without the most sketchy Henry Georgeism, or the faculty for adding three figures correctly, may lead a man in the path of rectitude and keep him there and help him in time of weariness and worry and suffering in a most masterly and perfect way. I am afraid the women who worry and study and strive to make themselves the proper companion price to some other prig haven't found out just what the original idea was in making them for "good company." The man who admires and esteems a woman for what she knows isn't half as pleasant and satisfactory a friend as he who delights in her for what she is, and would be if she had never even learned her letters.

Were you ever in Cheddar? Did you ever go west through "Zummerzet," and climb steep ways and explore those wonderful caves and look out from great heights over beautiful Devon and come back to lower earth, and find tea steaming, and cottage loaf and Cheddar cheese set out on a basket-pattern lin cloth on a rustic table in a quaint arbor? You ever did, and you want to recall it, read the story of "Two Men of Mendip," not a new book, but wonderfully true, and strong in local coloring.

LADY GAY.

Correspondence Coupon.

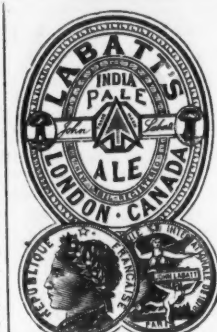
The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. 3. Correspondents need not take their own names and the Editor's time by sending reminders and requests for haste. 4. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 5. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons are not studied.

A Farmeress—Your writing shows distinct mentality, and the sign under which you were born is pre-eminently a "mind" sign. There is strength and purpose, the will and power to dominate, rather a likelihood of strenuous effort, and good self-assertion and self-reliance. Now, if some of these very excellent traits he over-emphasized by your subjects of study, you may vanquish those knotty points at the expense of your femininity, and purely feminine graces. You are ambitious, self-centered, and undoubtedly clever, conservative, with remarkable discretion. To what address may I send you an article which I beg you to read and consider?

Quebec—You are an Aries, the gallant month that leads. The Aries people are very natural, direct, and physical. They have a natural desire to "rush in where angels fear to tread." They are always most enterprising in their own matters and enjoy probing the depths. Generally they are docile enough, if not unduly meddled with, but resent dictation and like to be given plenty of scope. You have facility, practical purpose, pride and some sentiment. You live and let live. I think you are sometimes a bit over-cautious and distrustful. There is a hint of business capacity and care for detail. Ambition will probably be one incentive to action. It may easily be a hand formed under foreign influences. There is a hint of quick, impatient and sometimes over warm effort and thought.

Tyrosene—I. You're just over the line, into March, darling. I dare say I've told you that before though, haven't I? 2. Do you know the Booklovers' Library? 3. I have been shaking hands with you over your enjoyment of it. 4. Who writes "it"? A many folks, as you might have conjectured. Sometimes myself, dear, but have the finest adjectives. I'll send you a specimen just to give you a notion of those parts of speech. 5. About the lady, she must be personal; it's her way; but it has resulted in self-worship. I never could criticize her; she's too near my vital organs! In truth, I love her well. 6. And about yourself, for the love of the saints, do it again soon. Your gentle love taps and my scratches are simply a meal's meat to me!

Curiosity Shop—Scold you? Not I, my good old chap. Why, 'tis the nature of any wideawake, receptive, appreciative man to pause in his progress and admire the pretty, clever, mischievous females he may encounter. 'Tis a slow thing to have if not done noticeably. Please send her sweet face and I'll admire and criticize and send it back safely. The objections would be so natural, conventional and excusable that you'd have to meet them patiently. And so you wonder what I really think of you? The mischief of telling that is

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SURPASSING ALL COMPETITORS

that you'd gain the advantage I now hold, so I'll not tell you! But I fancy, generally, that you have plenty of friends, and get along in an easy way through life. It is certainly a hand formed on sentiment and adapted for all the comforts of home!

Kit-wit-I-see-see—The broad old lady was around to-day. She has given a dollar for prayers for me, because she imagined I was on the ocean, and was, I think, a trifle disgusted to find me still here. It is funny how a homely style "experience" like that appeals to readers. I've had more letters about it than anything else for a long while. There is a greeling deal of feeling, sensitiveness, thought and originality in your lines, but the lack of any fixed purpose, and the peculiarly influenced judgment weakness in warm affection and an appreciation of life's good things are shown. You have sense of honor, can be exacting, aim and are sometimes so with yourself. There is a finality, thoroughness and determination about you that impresses me. Some ambition and a little of your kind of "pressure" is it by reason of physical disability you write so jerkily, or does it only reflect some overruling ambition, or some sort of strength and some charm in it. I haven't a word to say about the February man. Your second letter, of course, later, tells of your affliction. I fancied there must be something.

S.D., a Reader of "Saturday Night"—If you are not more careful of details and do not think more clearly, you'll never be a leader of your kind. There is a word worth leading. At present you have force, without judgment, concentration or reserve, but you have great vitality, perseverance and a nerve that passeth understanding. You are adaptable, clever, and uncultured, rather. I think, self-possessed, without clarity of impression. The study has little to attract, is carelessly written, and has only one capital in a sentence of six lines. There is a lot for you to grow to, but I think the stuff is there to develop.

A Lady of the Snows—You are tenacious, dominant, impulsive and full of feeling. The ardency of your nature shows in every line. There is much latent talent of an artistic nature, and warm affection, some self-esteem and quite an overruling ambition, of some sort. Your ideas are sometimes vague, always spreading and enterprising. There is lots of life and dash in you. A touch of diplomacy and a rather mercenary nature. Merely remarking that you owe your life to January! Isn't interesting. An exact date must be given.

S.H.S., Duluth—Your description of a real "American" is good enough to quote. "You ask me to think over what a thorough American is and send me a definition. This, I think: One as broad in mind as his land is in area; one who knows that he lives in one of the most progressive countries of the world, and has marvelous possibilities before him; truly hospitable to every nation, wishing to broaden a culture as his land affords; one who has a very kind, cousinly feeling for his friends across the border line who speaks the same glorious Anglo-Saxon language; one who is good enough, all but the limitation of culture to the land he lives in. There are good things to be learned across the sea, my friend, as indeed I am sure you know. Away with metes and bounds to kindness, say I. The truly awakened mind knows nothing but humanity. The ninth of June lands you in an atmosphere of mind, of thought, of self-analysis, too, sometimes. What do I mean by lack of sensibility? Well, I mean that I have a good streak of French in me, and was probably thinking of the word "sensible." No French, which means "sensible." Self-centered people are those to whom anything appertaining to or concerning themselves is of paramount importance and comes first—not necessarily disagreeably so, but so, all the same. This isn't always weakness, only so when it is vanity, selfishness or some such motive that rules their lives. I hope you will write again when you feel in the mood!

Krag—Here is a "ruling passion"! I have said so many times that the month of birth is not enough. Just always have the day also. This writer is strong, self-reliant, dominant, pessimistic, businesslike, abrupt and direct in manner. You would sooner be king of a desolate island than serve in the courts of emperors. There are no sex lines in your study. I am sure whether you are man or woman, but from a hint on the envelope I decide for the latter. You are a dignified and sometimes original, fond of looking after your own affairs, of some business ability, and an independent thinker. Good idea, gaitology! I will consider it.

Laugh and Grow Fat—You were another who got lost in the crack of the secretary drawer. So sorry for it. It is a nice, kind, friendly, sincere little hand, but too immature to pick to pieces. The temper is excellent, sympathy fine and love of beauty evident. The purpose is practical, and sometimes develops kindness. That's all I see.

Beloved—I don't quite know how to answer you. But always remember that a man owes a duty to his wife, the woman with whom he has lived in closest union, the mother of the children he rejoices in. No matter what traits she develops there is always the duty he owes. Anyone who prevents his payment of it is a thief and a robber and the goblin will get her—so you'd better look out betimes. Have your pleasant times, but keep at the back of your mind the memory of the rights of the wife, and don't interfere. He'll like you

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Near to Nature's Heart.

The Charms of Summer Life in the Highlands of Ontario.

AMONG those of us who have not been relieved of what is perhaps the disagreeable necessity of earning our bread by the sweat of our brows, the need of a holiday, a vacation, is becoming more and more universally recognized. Fortunately, or perhaps some might even say unfortunately, the number of people who by some lucky speculation or the untimely taking off of a rich relative have not been so recouped in finances as to make the daily task no longer necessary, is still quite large; and it is this class—the toilers, no less than those who make their main vocation, who are preoccupied to realize that even on the beginning of dollars and cents—as a matter of pure, cold-blooded expediency—it is a good thing to take a holiday. Just as in the case of the unsentimental agriculturalist, it proves a short-sighted and expensive policy to exhaust the fertility of his land by neglecting the ordinary methods of fertilization and then resorting to the use of costly commercial fertilizers to restore its productivity, so in these latter days the ordinary workman, scarcely less than his business and professional brother, is finding that it pays to take a rest—to seek a change of scene, where the general health and nerve fibre will be renewed, and from which he will return better fitted for the struggle of providing for those dependent on him. To those who are purely brain-workers such a change is absolutely indispensable. A

reader will not be surprised to learn that this region is constantly gaining in popularity as its advantages in this particular become more widely known. The fishing is almost uniformly good, and, among other things, the annual regattas, consisting of canoe and sailing events, are features of the entertainment provided by many of the resorts. Ready access to this section is had by the trains of the Northern Division of the Grand Trunk Railway System, and the summer schedule is arranged to accommodate the traveling public, with special reference to making close connection with the steamers of the Muskoka Navigation Company, which ply upon the Muskoka Lakes and Magnetawan River, and with the Northern Navigation Company of Ontario covering the Georgian Bay.

The Muskoka district has some eight hundred lakes, varying in size from a mere pond to those of twenty or thirty miles in length. Their elevation is seven hundred and fifty feet above Lake Ontario, and this may account in some measure for the well-known healthfulness of the region.

The chief port of the Muskoka steamers is Muskoka Wharf, at the southern extremity of Lake Muskoka. Here the tourist may embark for a most delightful trip through the chain of lakes. The route to Bracebridge comprises ten miles of lake and six miles of Muskoka River. At Bracebridge are to be seen the High Falls and the Great South Falls, both notable attractions. The trip to Bala, the outlet of the lake via Musquash

Joseph are connected by a short canal. Passing into the latter lake the journey is continued, amid charming scenery, to Stanley Bay, twelve miles from Port Sandfield, while five miles more brings us to Port Cockburn, at the head of the lake. Besides the three lakes thus particularized, there are numberless smaller ones, scarcely less attractive, which may be reached overland or by canoes up the streams which connect them with the larger lakes; and as many of these lakes and streams abound in fish, the angler

describe this wonderful waterway with any degree of satisfaction, as nature has been so generous in beautifying and adorning it with lavish hand, and has gifted the region with such gorgeous scenic effects, rugged promontories, charming summering places on beautifully wooded islands, intricate channels and narrows, that it is one grand panorama of vistas from beginning to end. Islands of every shape and size, from those of but a lone rock to some of hundreds of acres in extent, are beheld on every



Rabbit Bay, Lake of Bays.

will find himself well repaid for the trip. The main lakes are dotted with islands, on many of which are the handsome summer homes of private individuals from all over the continent, and the bright coloring of these cottages adds much to the picturesqueness of the locality. From the start at Muskoka Wharf to the extreme northern port of the lakes the trip is a succession of delights, each winding turn of the stream bringing to view some startling combinations of scenery, delighting the artistic sense of the beholder and affording many a subject for the camera and the sketch book. To those making the round trip from Muskoka Wharf through Lakes Muskoka and Rosseau and by stage to the head of Lake Joseph, thence southward again to the starting point, not the least enjoyable part of the journey is the drive by stage from Rosseau through the rugged and picturesque northern country to Port Cockburn. The great rock-faced hills are a miniature reproduction of the vast mountain regions of the far West.

Muskoka! Wherein lies the magic of that old Indian name? To those even who know it best it means far more than can ever be expressed. To hundreds it is their summer home, rich with associations of purest happiness, of renewed health and new leases of life, rich with sweet memories—their El Dorado.

THE MAGNETAWAN DISTRICT.

The picturesque Magnetawan River and the chain of lakes which it connects is north of the Muskoka Lakes, and it drains an area of some four thousand square miles, emptying its waters into Georgian Bay at Byng Inlet, after many tortuous windings through the country it traverses. The railway approach to this district is by Burks Falls, which



Shadow River, near Rosseau.

stands upon the bank of the river at the head of steam navigation. The waters of the river and lakes teem with fish, and the adjacent forests are alive with game, and with experienced guides the sportsman is sure of satisfactory results in a trip through this region.

The width of the scenery and the peculiar attractions afforded by the opportunities for hunting and fishing render a season of camping in this locality a delightful feature of a vacation trip. There are also numerous inexpensive hotels and boarding-houses both in the villages and among the lakes, at which the tourist may tarry for a longer or shorter time, as his inclination may lead. One of the most noteworthy characteristics of this region is said to be the entire freedom from hay fever experienced even by the most acute sufferers from this malady. This is due to many causes—its great elevation above the level of Lake Ontario, the balsamic odor of the surrounding forests of pine, cedar and balsam, and freedom from dampness owing to the rocky nature of the country.

THE GEORGIAN BAY "HIGHLANDS."

Only the islands of the extreme eastern portion of the Georgian Bay can be properly said to belong to the section known as the "Highlands of Ontario." This great arm of Lake Huron, almost rivaling the lake itself in extent, is a wildly romantic body of water. Its eastern shore is particularly attractive, the waters here being thickly studded with islands, while numerous coves, bays and inlets contribute to the tortuous windings of the channels in this wonderful archipelago and to the picturesqueness of the scenery. The islands in the bay are said to be not less than 30,000 in number, ranging in size from the merest dot on the water to those many miles in extent. Indians and settlers who have lived in the locality all their lives declare that often on fishing excursions they come upon islands which they have never seen before. In general character they are similar to the Thousand Islands, situated in the St. Lawrence River, but, of course, are infinitely more numerous. The steady increase of tourists to the locality is alone proof that it has become the most popular resort on the inland lakes. It is impossible to

passengers. Throughout the whole of this district the atmosphere is pure and exhilarating, and its efficacy is known throughout the country as a panacea for hay fever. It is claimed that perfect immunity from this annoying disease is assured all sufferers who make this region their haven during the months when such diseases are prevalent.

LAKE OF BAYS DISTRICT.

North-east of Muskoka Lakes, connected with them by Muskoka River, and possessing many of their general characteristics, a chain of lakes gives the above name to a section of country which for picturesque beauty has no superior on this continent and few equals in any country. The chain of navigable lakes comprises Vernon, Mary, Fairy, Peninsular, Lake of Bays, Hollow and Kimball Lakes. These are connected by the single streams or channels, with the single exception of the passage between Peninsular Lake and Lake of Bays,



where a short portage of only a mile completes the connection, affording a round trip occupying a day, and filling that day with pictures of scenic beauty that will linger long in the memory.

The town of Huntsville is the railway approach to this district, and is 146 miles from Toronto and 81 miles from North Bay on the Northern Division of the Grand Trunk System. From this point a line of steamers will take the tourist to any desired port on this chain of lakes, or the round trip may be made with a view to the selection of a temporary stopping place or a location for a camp. Out of the abundance of delightful situations he will have no difficulty in making a choice, however exacting may be his wishes, for the infinite variety of scenery here afforded must meet every possible desire. The hotel

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accommodations of this district comprise a list of some twenty or more houses located at various points on the steamer route, together with several private boarding-houses. The waters of the lakes and streams are absolutely soft, and free from all organic impurities, a point of very great importance in cer-

delight of fatherhood! However it may be, many eminent English poets can never be accused of having "dull dogs" of sons, because they never had any sons at all. Cowley, Butler, Otway, Prior, Congreve, Gay, Phillips, Savage, Thomson, Collins, Shenstone, Akenside, Goldsmith, Grey, Johnson, and Keats all died without leaving offspring, and Pope, Swift, Watts, and Cowper were never married. Dryden, Addison's and Parnell's descendants did not pass into the second generation, and the descendants of Shakespeare and Milton became extinct in the second and third generations. Sir Walter Scott's baronetcy expired with his son.

A Victim.

"Where are you going this summer?"
"I'm going to a stretch of barren sand, where I can be surrounded by the luxuries of the seashore."
"By yourself?"
"No. Whole family. Wife and children, servants, nurses, etc."
"Cottage?"
"Yes. Has eight rooms for sixteen people. Each room will hold comfortably about one-half of a human being."
"Cottage alone?"
"Oh, no. We shall be next to a lot of others. Each with an assortment of children."
"Nice people?"
"Well, they're people I wouldn't think of associating with on ordinary occasions, but of course—"
"Oh, certainly. Where do you get your vegetables?"
"From the city."
"And your water?"
"From the nearest well."
"Typhoid?"
"Probably."
"Flies?"
"Heaps."
"What are you going for?"
"Two reasons. Because I can't afford to and my wife wants to."—Life.

Wind of Dawn.

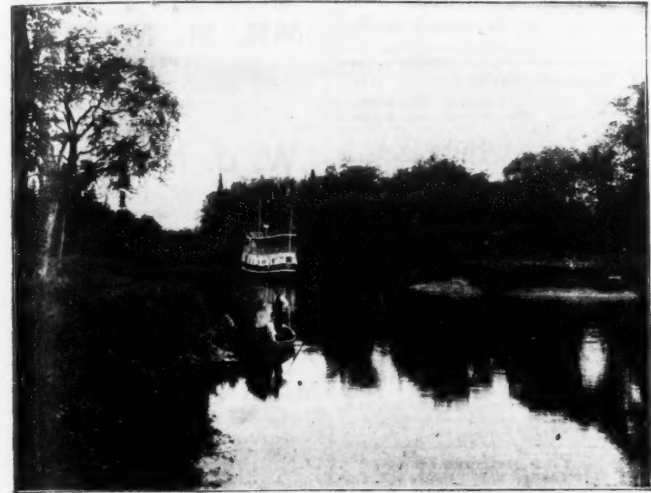
The caravans come in from far,
From Samarcand and Trebizond,
But all my dreams and fancies are
Set still beyond, and far beyond.
Across the bitter Tartar plain
The fires of night shine back to me—
A memory of antique pain.
A call by night, a mystery.
The dusty, corded bales are rare
With Syrian loom and Tyrian dye.
And patient saprophytes work from where
The northern steppes outflank the sky.
The wild brown trading-men turn back
On the red road to Ispahan;
And all my heart beats on the track
Of the long camel caravan.
Far and beyond the track of trade,
Where giant Oxus wallows by,
Where the grim Khans ride on their
raid,
And strange stars fire the desert sky.
The desert plain, the burning blue,
The raiding tents, the midnight fray,
The life whereof I never knew
Burns in my blood like yesterday.
The camel trail, the labored freight,
The midnight fires of Turkestan,
The lowered lance laid in wait
To greet the tolling caravan,
A fire across the Tartar plain,
A call by night comes back to me—
A world of unremembered pain.
A gleam by night, a mystery,
—Frank Little, Pollock, In "Youth's Companion."

The Sons of Poets.

THE "Lancet," the well-known English medical weekly, has been enquiring into the question of the transmission of genius from father to son, and has found that the sons of great poets are generally dull dogs. Poetic fervor is evidently a spiritual flame that burns itself out in the generation wherein it is kindled. Indeed, it often seems to burn out the very aptitude for paternity; or is it that the poet is generally too poor to permit himself the



A teaspoonful of Abbeys Salt in a glass of water shortly after rising will keep you in perfect health. It purifies the blood, keeps the head clear and stomach sweet. A positive cure for chronic constipation. Recommended by the Medical Profession.



On the Magnetawan River.

few years ago a trip to a summer resort which was at all removed from the scene of his labors was to the average man out of the question; but latterly, by the magnificent facilities provided by the Grand Trunk Railway System and their studios cultivation of this class of traffic, it has been made comparatively easy for him to enjoy the relaxation afforded by a sojourn at many of the finest summer resorts in the world.

In selecting a place for the annual summer outing few localities can offer such inducements as that section of the province which has come to be known as the "Highlands of Ontario." The district which has received this appellation embraces more particularly the country lying east of the Georgian Bay and extending north from the Severn River to the River Magnetawan, and it gets its name from the fact that its elevation is from seven hundred to one thousand feet above sea level. It is a region of singular attractiveness, both by reason of its peculiar topography and the resultant climatic conditions. A glance at the map of this section of Ontario reveals a curious commingling of land and water. Islands of every size, and almost without number, dot the larger bodies of water; while lakes, big and little, diversify the surface of the land. It suggests the idea of some prehistoric upheaval of the great deep resulting in a nearly equal division of the surface for many hundreds of square miles, into land and water. The District of Muskoka, the whole of which is included in the region known as the "Highlands of Ontario," has acquired almost a world-wide—certainly a continental—reputation as a health resort. Its ozone-laden air is made the panacea for countless ills; it is one of the strongest known competitors of the patent medicine man and the family physician, and throngs of tourists from the most remote of the United States seek the balm which it



Looking from Rose Point, Georgian Bay.

affords for almost all the ills that flesh is heir to. In this way, too, the visitor to Muskoka receives that cosmopolitan touch, the enlargement of outlook which contact with people from diverse and far distant regions cannot fail to give. In this respect, indeed, the advantages it offers often outweigh those to be derived from much more extensive and costly travel.

It may readily be inferred, too, that such a section of country must also present many attractions to the tourist in search of scenery and sport, and the

writer remembers on two different occasions getting a very near view of what even the most experienced hunter could not deny was "big game." While paddling quietly up the beautiful river early one morning in July, on rounding a curve, we came upon no less than five deer standing knee-deep in the water, taking their morning drink. On another occasion a large black bear and her cub were discovered walking leisurely along the bank, not twenty-five feet from our canoe.

At Port Sandfield, Lakes Rosseau and



MUSIC

THE closing exercises of the Toronto Conservatory of Music, which were held on June 27, proved to be exceptionally interesting and entertaining. The hall of the institution was crowded to a degree that prevented many persons obtaining admission. The graduating pupils distinguished themselves in a choice programme, in which the four branches of the institution were represented, viz., the vocal, piano, violin and organ. Bach's Toccata and Fugue in D minor, for organ, played with much ability by Annie Scott, made a dignified opening number. Miss Pauline Ockley, a soprano with a sweet voice, next sang Liddle's "Abide With Me," and was followed by Miss Clara M. Snider, who played the "Allegro Assai" from Beethoven's "Sonata Appassionata," in which she demonstrated the possession of good technique and uncommon musical gifts, and also showed the results of careful training. Miss Maude McLean, pianist, contributed Schubert's "Impromptu," op. 142, with much refinement and delicacy, and Miss Margarette Wastie gave "Sitt's" "Violin Romanza" with sympathetic quality of tone and neatness of execution. One of the great numbers of the evening was the Mendelssohn piano concerto in G minor, which popular work was rendered by Miss Madeline Schiff, with brilliance of technique and good taste. Mr. W. F. Pickard gave Gullmatt's "Torchlight" March for organ effectively. Miss Lillian Watson sang very prettily "Lullaby," "Russian Nightingale Song," and Miss Ada M. Briggs, Miss Mac, brought the concert to a close with Grieg's piano concerto in A minor (last two movements), which she interpreted with much fire and spirit and with contrasted feeling in the melody passages. The teachers represented were Mr. A. S. Vogt, Mrs. J. W. Bradley, Dr. Albert Ham, Dr. Edward Fisher, Mrs. Adamson and Miss Smart of the Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby.

At the close of the programme Rev. J. A. Macdonald presented the diplomas to the graduating class, remarking that this had been the most successful year in the history of the college. More than 1,300 students had been enrolled, and 1,100 took part in the examinations.

The winners of scholarships were: Highest standing (graduate), in piano-forte department, artists' course—Miss Ada M. Briggs, Toronto. Highest standing, intermediate examination, piano department—Miss Elizabeth Cunningham, Belleville. Highest standing, junior examination, piano department—Mr. Robert J. Coughlan, Nanticoke, Minn. Highest standing, primary examination, piano department—Miss Ida L. Crompton, Toronto. Special competition, presented by Gerhard Heintzman—Miss Emma R. Biehn, Waterloo. Special competition, presented by Messrs. Heintzman & Co.—Miss Mabel Will, Toronto. Awarded by the Mason & Risch Company for highest standing (graduate), in piano department, teachers' course—Miss Maude McLean, Toronto. Highest standing (graduate) in vocal department—Was equally won by Miss Ruby Mae G. Gordon, Haverhill College, Toronto; Miss Lydia Pauline Ockley, Toronto; and Miss Lillian Gertrude Wilson, Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby. Highest standing, intermediate examination, vocal department—Miss Marie C. Houston, Clinton. Highest standing (graduate) in organ department—Miss Beatrice Scott, Seaford. Highest standing, intermediate examination, theory department—Miss Mary A. E. Clark, Brockville. Highest standing, junior examination, theory department—Miss Mary E. L. Osler, Toronto. Highest standing, primary examination, theory department—Miss Azala Elliott, Unionville.

The list of graduates for this year, alphabetically arranged, is as follows: Piano-forte, artists' course—Miss Ada M. Briggs, Toronto; Miss Bessie B. Burgar, Welland; Miss Nellie Cawthorne, Thamesford; Miss Ethel A. De Nure, Toronto; Miss Grace Isabel Harrison, Toronto; Miss Louise J. Holmes, Woodstock; Miss Maude McLean, Toronto; Miss Madeline Schiff, Toronto; Miss Clara M. Snider, Waterloo.

Piano-forte, teachers' course—Miss Elizabeth Cunningham, Belleville; Miss Grace E. Hill, Toronto; Miss Ethel Morris, Toronto; Miss Annie Louise McCarty, Binbrook; Miss Maude McLean, Toronto; Miss Muriel Rogers, Toronto; Miss Lillian E. Willocks, Toronto.

Organ—Miss Ethel E. Dever, Toronto; Mr. W. F. Pickard, Oshawa; Miss Annie Scott, Port Hope.

Violin—Miss Libbie Maud Buschen, Arthur; Miss Agnes Hanley, Belleville; Miss Margarette Wastie, Toronto.

Vocal—Miss Madeline Schiff, Toronto; Miss Hannah Cameron, Toronto; Miss W. Alba Chisholm, Wingham; Miss Edna M. Fairbairn, Portage la Prairie, Man.; Miss Ruby Mae G. Gordon, Haverhill College, Toronto; Miss Ruby Stanhope Jellett, Toronto; Miss Eva Knight, Woodstock; Miss Katherine Miller, Toronto; Miss Lydia Pauline Ockley, Toronto; Miss Leda H. Russell, Essex; Miss A. Beatrice Scott, Seaford; Miss Ada M. Smart, Glencoe; Miss Ina Mabel Stone, Sault Ste. Marie; Mr. Franklin W. Wegman, Simcoe; Miss Lillian Gertrude Wilson, Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby.

Theory—Miss Emma B. Bartman, Hamilton; Miss Edna L. Mavety, Toronto; Miss Bessie R. McFarlane, Toronto; Miss Madge Rogers, Toronto; Mr. H. E. J. Vernon, Hamilton.

Dom Perosi seems to have made a success in Italy with his latest oratorio, "Moses," which drew large audiences at four performances recently in Rome, and was received with acclamations.

At the opening of the new Roman Catholic cathedral at Westminster, London, Eng., it was announced that the authorities had resolved to rely almost exclusively for their services upon the music of the British pre-Reformation composers. The masses of Mozart and Haydn and the sacred music of Gounod are to be expressly excluded. From a musical point of view the decision is to be regretted, as it will cut out a rich repository of fine compositions.

According to the Boston "Musical

World," Arigo Boito, the composer of "Medeolofe," has settled down to work on his opera "Nero," about which there has been talk for the past twenty years. Boito, it is said, has shut himself up in a villa with a magnificent garden on the Lake of Garda, near Mantua, lives absolutely alone, and works arduously on the opera from 8.30 in the morning till noon, and then from 12.30 to near midnight.

The piano instructor, Emil Bauer, writing in the "Musical Leader," warns parents against sending daughters to New York alone for musical instruction. "In the first place," he says, "unprotected young girls have no business in New York at all. Regarded from any side, that is the only thing I feel absolutely justified in saying. This old notion that if a girl cannot take care of herself at twenty, she never can, is all nonsense. At twenty-five a girl is much better qualified to take care of herself than at twenty, and at thirty still more than at twenty-five. A woman of thirty is more willing to relinquish pleasures when it is better judged to do so than a girl of twenty."

The critic of the "Pall Mall Gazette" is a great enthusiast in reference to the emotional powers of Nikielich as a musical director. A recent article by him pays the following tribute to Nikielich's method and genius: "Enter Nikielich. He mounts the platform and stands monumentally statuesque. His figure and his presence are full of dignity. He taps his desk. The Tchaikovsky Symphony (No. 5) begins, let us say. He is chary of gesture. He makes but little movement at the outset. Then, through some subtle wave of sound, you are suddenly aware of a novel emotion. You bend forward to listen more intently, and then you become assured of the presence of a master. A master, indeed! The score becomes, as it were, transformed. You know it well; you know its massed sounds. Then, stealthily, one group of instruments sings to you—then ceases; then another—and that ceases. And then you realize that this Magian is playing the symphony. He is showing its beauties to you, detail by detail; he is nursing his effect with infinite keenness and knowledge. He seems to snatch cloud after cloud away from separate stars until the firmament simply dazzles the spiritual eye. Yet the man scarcely moves. Sudden, short gestures with his left hand, a hasty shrugging of the shoulders, a deliberately silent address to the 'details' of his musical army—here to all appearance is the whole outward and objective achievement of which he chooses to show himself to be the master. But the results are so magnificent, the personality is proved to be so impressive, the delicate changes in the emotional moods of the music under his control are all so notable, so appealing, so definitely individual, that you can but speculate wonderingly as to what particular sort of personal magnetism he owns which can thus carry its peculiar influence to a vast congregation of players like the Queen's Hall Orchestra."

No more applications will be received for the Toronto Glee and Madrigal Club until after August 8, when the conductor of the new society, Mr. H. M. Fletcher, will return from New York.

Following are the successful candidates in the June examinations at the Toronto Junction College of Music:

Piano—Primary, first class honors—Constance Harris, Toronto Junction; Miss Emma Miller, Toronto Junction. Pass—Constance Coker, Junior—First class honors—Marion Douglas, Toronto; Cassandre Evans, Islington; Pearl Holden, Toronto Junction; Nettie Norman, King; Edith Treblelock, Toronto. Second class honors—Luella Beamish, Galt; East; Alberta Bastedo, Toronto; May Jennings, Toronto Junction; Olga Streight, Islington; Ottilie Walker, Toronto Junction. Pass—Ethel Bradley, Ottawa; Maud Munro, Vancouver, B.C.; Mrs. Williams, Toronto Junction. Intermediate—Theodore Ives, Toronto Junction; Alice McEnaney, Toronto Junction. Harmony—Primary—First class honors—Mrs. Williams. Second class honors—May Jennings, Toronto Junction; Edith Treblelock, Toronto. Pass—Ottilie Walker, Toronto Junction; Annie Coker, Toronto Junction. Junior—First class honors—Cassandre Evans, Islington; Pearl Holden, Toronto Junction. Second class honors—Nettie Norman, King; Olga Streight, Islington. Pass—Ethel Bradley, Ottawa; Alice Ives, Toronto Junction; Theodore Ives, Toronto Junction; Mattie Kendall, Carlton; Maggie Minto, Toronto; Maud Munro, Vancouver; Alice McEnaney, Toronto Junction; Laura Morgan, Lambton. Intermediate—Bertha Brooks, British Columbia; Mildred Corneock, Toronto Junction; Albert Clarkson, Summerville.

Vocal—First class honors—Charles Barton, Hazel Bingham, Rose Bradley, Gus Cowie, Christina Davidson, Wilber Horner, John Maywood, Frederick Whyte (all of Toronto). Second class honors—Frederick Curtis, Belle Shannon (Toronto). Pass and honorable mention—Miss Cassidy, Miss Matthews (Toronto).

CHERUBINO.

Books For Summer Tourists.

The attention of summer visitors and tourists at Muskoka, Georgian Bay, Lake Simcoe and other resorts is called to the advertisement of the Bain Book Company in another column.

They are requested to take advantage of the "mail order department" of the Bain Company. Any book mentioned in the list, or any other book, will be mailed, post free, to any address at prices quoted.

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Baby's Own Tablets are guaranteed to be absolutely free from opiates and harmful drugs. Children take them readily, and, crushed to a powder, they can be given to the youngest infant with perfect safety. They are sold at all drug stores, or will be sent postpaid at 25 cents a box by writing direct to the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y.

Pace in Reading.

A COMMON and trivial excuse given by the idle and indolent is that they have no time for reading. One may have no time for eating or sleeping, but hardly no time to make love or to read. It is good will, concentration, and the habit of despatch, not leisure or unlimited opportunity, which have always performed the greatest wonders in both of these useful pursuits. Many persons in mature life are conscious of a gentle and luxurious sentiment in favor of reading, which comes to nothing because they do not know how to read. With all the good-will in the world, they lack concentration and the habit of despatch. The good-will was not applied early enough, or not applied at all to any other end than the lazy diversion of a moment. This naturally resulted in the formation of the newspaper habit, by which I do not mean simply the habit of reading newspapers, but the habit of mind which makes it possible for men to spend an evening in going through motions. There is no more reason for spending two hours in reading the newspaper than in having one's boots blacked. Some people never make their way into the great Establishment of Letters farther than the vestibule, where they spend their lives contentedly playing marbles with the hall-boys. Of course we do not call the newspaper worthless simply because some other things are worth more. The best reading is both intensive and extensive; one reads a little of everything, and a great deal of some things. The good reader takes all readings to be his province. Newspapers, periodicals, books old and new, all present themselves to him in their proper perspective; they are all grist to his mill, but they do not go into the same hopper or require the same process. On the contrary, one of the main distinctions of the clever reader is that without varying as to intensity, he varies almost indefinitely as to pace. This power of reading flexibly comes mainly, of course, with practice. For those who have lacked an early experience of books, the manipulation of them is never likely to become the perfect art instinctive process of adjustment which it should be. People often achieve a certain degree of education and refinement late in life, but seldom, I think, the power of the accomplished reader. It is simply not to be expected. An adult who takes up the violin may get much amusement and profit from his instrument, but he cannot hope to master it. A certain increase of facility, however, the belated reader may surely expect to gain from some sort of observance of this simple principle of adjustment.

This anxious but unskilled reader is too likely to have a set goal, so many words to the minute or lines to the hour. An essay, an editorial, a chapter in a novel or in the Bible, a scientific article, a short story, if they contain the same number of words, take up the same amount of this misguided person's time. No wonder reading becomes an incubus to him, with the appalling monotony of its procession of printed words filing endlessly before him. He really has time enough, if he knew how to make use of it. Eben Holden keeps him busy for a week or more; it should be read in a few hours. He plods methodically through Sir Walter, and finds him slow; the great reader who can get Quentin and his Isabelle satisfactorily married in six hours does not. The trained reader readjusts his focus for each objective. Milton may be read in words or lines, Macaulay in sentences, Thackeray in paragraphs, Conan Doyle in pages. The eye, that is, readily gains the power of taking in words in groups instead of separately. How large a group the glance can manage varies with the seriousness of the subject. With the same degree of concentration eye for mind will take care of a page of the "Prisoner of Zenda" as easily as they can absorb a line of Macbeth, or one of Fitzgerald's quatrains.

Of course this disposes of the indolent lolling style of reading—or rather makes a rare indulgence of it. When one occasionally comes upon the novel of his heart, or the poem he has waited for, he must all effort to consider it at his leisurely leisure, minimizing labor by dilatoriness. But as a rule the widely reading man is not an indolent person.

Not that he is to be always keeping his nose in a book. By regulating his pace, he not only covers an astonishing amount of ground in reading, but makes room for other things. He knows how to get the most for his time, that is all. The bee does not eat the flower to get the honey out of it. The eye of the skilled reader acts like a sixth sense, directing him to the gist of the matter, in whatever form it may appear. Twenty minutes yields all that there is for him in the book, which his neighbor, knowing that it would mean a week's spare hours, is careful to avoid.

This, it may be said, sounds very much like an advocacy of skimming. Skimming and rapid reading are different processes, but skimming is at times a good thing, too; even skipping becomes, on occasion, a sacred duty. We may go a step farther, for skimming implies cream, and skipping, a foothold somewhere; and many books deserve neither of these less and less complimentary modes of treatment. The eye brushes a page or two, and the mind is hardly called in to assist in a damning verdict which is informal, but summary. The experienced reader, in short, is an artist, and like other artists, attains his highest powers only when he has learned what to subordinate, to slight, even to omit. The poor fellow whose conscience will not let him refuse an equally delicate consideration to every six inches of black and white which comes in his way may be an excellent husband and father, a meritorious lawyer or merchant, and a model citizen; he is certainly not a good reader.—"Contributors' Club."

Salvation Army.

Captain Lacey, an Earnest Worker in Hamilton, Ont., Endured Awful Pain—His Patience is Rewarded at Last.

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It is quite natural then, that many of these devoted men and women find themselves very much run down, and the victims of many forms of disease. Captain Lacey of Hamilton, then whom there is no more self-sacrificing officer in the service of the Salvation Army in Canada, was tortured for eight long years with Dyspepsia.

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He used many medicines and treatments, some of which gave him a little temporary relief, but none gave him a permanent cure.

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Social and Personal.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Hunter Robinson have removed from Huron street to 55 Collier street, third house east of Park road. They will spend the next few weeks with their son and daughter at the Madawaska Club, Go Home, Georgian Bay.

Miss Clark of Peterborough has returned home after spending the winter in New York. On her way home she remained in Toronto a couple of weeks, the guest of Mrs. Walker, 463 Shaw street. Her engagement to the Rev. Frank Walker is announced.

Miss Grace Merry of Pembroke street is the guest of Mrs. Symington at the Thousand Islands.

Miss H. Adele Blachford of Prospect street and her cousin, Miss Fannie Blachford, of Elm avenue, left last week for Magenzah Island, Lake Rosseau. There will be a very merry party of young folks at this favorite summer residence, and a gay time is anticipated.

Mrs. Colin J. Stalker of 22 Augusta avenue and Miss Stalker of Isabella street left Saturday on the steamer "Kingston" for the Thousand Islands and to visit friends in Montreal and Quebec.

Mr. and Mrs. A. White, accompanied by Mrs. Noel Marshall, left per steamer "Kingston" for Gaspe on Saturday last. Mr. Marshall expects to join the party shortly.

Mr. Ernest A. Humphries, musical director of Ontario Institute for the Blind of Brantford, and his brother Norman are touring through England on their bicycles. They expect to go to Germany before their return in the autumn.

Mrs. A. Koeling, Miss E. Grant, Mr. E. Perrin, Miss Perrin, Mrs. J. Grosh, Miss V. Grosh, Miss E. Grosh of New Orleans, La., Mrs. John Hood, Miss N. L. Pierce, Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Adams of Buffalo, Mrs. F. S. Davis, Miss E. Ranney of Louisville, Mrs. W. C. Folk of Washington, Mr. A. F. Kahn, Mr. Herman Loeb and family of Shreveport, Mr. Linnie E. Bartlett of Warsaw, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Will of Memphis, Miss Dunble, Mrs. Rathbun, Miss Ruth Rathbun, Master Bryant Rathbun of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. George Stoddard of Hamilton, are recent arrivals at the Welland, St. Catharines.

Mr. Wilher Horner of Toronto, pupil of Mr. Arthur Blight, rendered the solo "Jerusalem" in a very able manner in the Presbyterian Church on Sunday at the evening service. The young artist was much appreciated, his fine quality and strong production of tone giving excellent style to his rendition.

Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Macdonald are at the Bungalow, Rosach's Point.

Mr. and Mrs. T. D. Delamere are spending the summer at Rosedale, County Victoria, Quebec.

Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer of Madison avenue are at St. Elmo, Lake Muskoka, for the vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Brimer of Gloucester street are at Sparrow Lake for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Westman of Berkeley street are at Port Elgin for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Auguste Bolte are at the Arlington, Cobourg, for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. William B. Stewart of 71 Spencer avenue are at Shanty Bay for the summer.

Hon. Senator and Mrs. Cox will not be back from England until September.

Mr. and Mrs. John Sloan and family are at Lorne Park for the summer.

A very quiet wedding was solemnized on Saturday afternoon, July 5, when Miss Helen J. Bailey, daughter of Mr. J. C. Bailey, M.L.C.E., was married to Mr. J. G. Hay, barrister-at-law. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. John Pearson of Holy Trinity Church. The bride was given away by her brother, Mr. P. L. Bailey. Mr. Alexander Hazlewood acting as groomsmen. Owing to the serious illness of the bride's father, the wedding was strictly private. The honeymoon was spent in a short trip through the States, and when they return Mr. and Mrs. Hay will take up their residence at No. 346 Rusholme road, Toronto.

Mrs. A. F. Webster and family, Mr. Sanderson Peacey, Mrs. A. Ridout, Mrs. Walter Ridout, Mr. and Mrs. James W. Curry and family, Mr. John Sloan and Mrs. Sloan, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Rowland, all of Toronto, Mr. John M. Kendry, Mr. James Kendry of Peterborough, Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Scott and son of Tilsonburg, are at Hotel Del Monte, Preston Springs.

Rev. W. F. Wilson, D.D., and Mrs. Wilson, Principal Mills and Miss Pansy Mills of the O. A. College, Guelph, were the guests of Mr. G. G. Mills at Glendune Cottage.

Arrivals at Grimsby Park are Mr. David Hawkins, Saint Jose, Costa Rica; Mr. W. G. Watson, wife and sons, Toronto; Mr. Sterling Meyer, Houston, Texas; Dr. B. A. Cohoe, Ithaca, N.Y.; Mr. G. A. Ferguson, Queenston; Mr. E. G. Hinchborn, Toronto; Mr. L. G. Walrod, Mr. T. T. Smith, Niagara Falls, N.Y.; Mr. G. C. Caut, Montreal; Mr. H. Ruthven Macdonald, Madame Strauss Youngheart, Mr. Chrystal Brown, Mr. T. Alexander Davies of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. N. H. Long, Orono; Miss Gertrude Philp, Miss Margaret McCoy of Hamilton; Rev. J. T. Morris of Toronto, Mr. R. Stanley Burleigh of Pittsburgh, Pa., Miss Allebaugh, Miss Iredale of Philadelphia, Miss Dorland and Mrs. Evans, Dr. and Mrs. Ziegler and family, Mrs. Gundy, Mrs. Scott, Mrs. Denton of Toronto.

Miss Adele Strauss, who has been the guest of Miss Ruth McFarlane of Montreal, has returned home.

Miss Eva Roblyn of London spent Wednesday in the city, en route to the seashore.

The following names are registered as

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Two trips across Lake Ontario. A first-class entertainment. Quiet Sunday with religious services. Toronto on Monday in time for business. Good hotel accommodation.

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Notice is hereby given that commencing Saturday, July 19th instant, and on all following Saturdays, the Chartered Banks and their Branches doing business in Toronto and in Toronto Junction will close at 12 o'clock noon.

(By order.)

Bankers' Section, Board of Trade,
T. G. BROUGH, Chairman

NOTICE.

The General Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of The Ontario Associated Press Corporation, Limited, will be held at the hour of 3 p.m. on Wednesday, July 23 next, at the Saturday Night Building, 35-37 Adelaide St. West, for the purposes of receiving a statement of the affairs of the Company, electing officers for the ensuing year, and such other business as may be brought before the meeting. By order.

R. BUTCHART, Sec.-Treas.

Toronto, July 7, 1902.

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(YEAR 1901)

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One only Antique Oak Sideboard, with glass enclosed side cupboards	\$150.00 \$65.00	One only Two-piece Bedroom Suite, in fine curly birch	\$72.00 \$52.00
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A Complete Rest.

TIPTON shut down the roll-top desk in his private office with a bang, threw a last derelict envelope into the waste-basket, and turning with smiling face to the clerks who had gathered in a little group to bid him good-bye, said: "Well, boys, I'm off. Keep your end up while I am gone, and remember this: I don't want to hear a word from you. Don't send me any mail. Don't try to reach me by wire or telephone, even if the building burns down. I'm going away for a real vacation, where I won't be disturbed."

Then he shook hands all around, and hurried off to join his wife at the railway station. The usual excitement incident to the departure of a train was successfully lived through. As they sped out into the open country, Tipton looked at Mrs. Tipton with a fond, exultant look. "There, my dear," he said; "we're off at last! For the first time in years I am going to do the sensible thing. I'm going to lose myself. No mail. No messages. Complete rest. I wonder why I never thought of it before!" "I'm so glad," said Mrs. Tipton, "that you've come to your senses at last. This will do you a world of good, I know."

In the course of a few hours they alighted at their station. Then they were driven miles and miles—it seemed almost interminable—until they came in sight of the quiet little hotel—or rather inn—on the mountainside, where they were received with all the splendor of courtesy that only a rural hotel-keeper knows how to bestow. Tipton could scarcely wait to get into his outing clothes. An hour later they were strolling down through the quiet woods to the bank of the stream that chattered away to the music of the breeze.

"Could anything," murmured Tipton, "be finer?" He pressed his wife's hand. "This is rest. This is true solitude. When I think of that maddening city, I wonder how I could ever have lived there. I never want to go back again."

The next morning after a fine breakfast—for our friend had made sure of his place—Tipton strolled out and said good morning to the proprietor. "Well, sir," said the proprietor, "how do you like our little view?" "Great!" exclaimed Tipton. "It certainly is a charming spot. By the way, you don't happen to have any of the New York papers here, do you?" "Not regularly," said the proprietor. "You see, this is a place where folks come to rest, and we don't have much call for 'em."

"Certainly not," said Tipton. "Precisely. Thought I would just like to glance over the head lines, that's all." He joined his wife, who was walking in the near view.

"This is a great place to rest," he observed, somewhat tritely, as they walked off toward the stream. "Never was in a place quite like this. Couldn't even get a morning paper."

Mrs. Tipton looked at him suspiciously. "Now, dear," she said, "that isn't fair. You must forget the world."

At noon Tipton sought the proprietor once more. His face wore a shade of anxiety. He clutched his cigar nervously. "You don't happen to have a telegraph or a long-distance telephone near here, do you?" he asked. "Fact is, I came away yesterday and forgot an important matter."

"No, sir!" said the proprietor. "We haven't such things around. This, as you know, is a place for complete rest, as advertised."

"Very well, sir," said Tipton, "you can make out my bill."

He glared fiercely around him, and walked upstairs to his room.

"My dear," he said, "would you mind if we got out of this prehistoric place on the first train?"

Mrs. Tipton gazed at him blankly for a moment, and threw her arms around his neck.

"Mind!" she exclaimed. "Why, I was only staying here for your sake. I didn't dare say how lonesome I was! I am afraid, my dear, we have never lived in the country long enough to appreciate it."

Two hours later they were in the dining car of the Long Branch express, with the remains of a feast and a cold bottle between them.

"I've wired the boys to send me the mail," said Tipton. "I will talk with the cashier over the wire as soon as we get in. I see the market opened up strong this morning. And now, if you will excuse me, I'll step into the smoking room with this bundle of papers and catch up on twenty-four hours' lost time."—Tom Masson, in "Life."

Influence of Names.

"WERE going to name our newly arrived boy Reginald," remarked Phillips at the club the other evening.

"Do you want him to be that kind of person?" asked Jones, in a tone that he hoped would create discussion. "What are you springing on us now?" asked several of the group, a little wearily.

"It is a great truth, my boy," continued Jones, aiming his remarks at Phillips, who looked a trifle worried about Jones' question. "The relation of name to character is an unexplored but most fertile region. Look up your fiction, and you will find that every great novelist has unconsciously obeyed the law. A man and his name gradually grow toward each other. He may fight his name for a long time, but by some long road at last he must bend to the significance of what he is called. I consider that parents have a sacred duty upon them in choosing out of all the names of history that name which they elect their child shall be. The name which he receives at baptism is the character part, up to which he must always live."

"Really, I don't follow you," interposed Clemmons of Harvard, with his drawl.

"Think back over your reading," went on Jones. "When Sheridan names a character Lady Sneerwell, it is obvious that his conception is of a character proud and cynical. Such a method of dubbing limits the character drawing to a few bold strokes. A frank avowal of love from her lips, a free handed generosity, would not be tolerated. She must remain cold and hard till the play ends. Bunyan was fond of a name that labelled. Surely you remember Mr. Backbite and Boastful? In the literature of the last century such cheap and easy naming is rare and confined to the minor characters. Thackeray uses it for the peevish alone—Lady Barchana. It survives in our comic weeklies, with their 'Wandering Willy' and 'Alkali Ike.'"

"But there is a rarer and finer use of names that is at the command of the big fellows in romance. The skilful novelist baptizes his creation with a certain name because he realizes its connotation. Annie is known of old for a good housewife and a true sister. She is pretty and social, but is not a society woman. Annie of 'Lorna Doone' is rightly called. Adam implies faithfulness, a quality of high conscientiousness, and Adam of 'As You Like It' and Adam Bede share the trait.

"Tom is mischievous and fast, strongly social, with most of the vices. Even his friends are forced to admit that he drinks, but his severest critics will concede him generous. Such is Tom Jones—splendid and strong, shaggily rough. Tom Brown is not cast in a like epic mould, but yet is justified of his name. Tom Sawyer is a Tom in the making. Joseph, of Genesis, has a deservedly high reputation for chastity, and this implication of the name has been remembered. Joseph Andrews is an apt name for Fielding's hero. Jack is a gay blade. Dorothy is sprightly, but warm-hearted. Dick is merry and out at heels.

"Authorities have split on Rebecca. Scott makes her a faithful soul with a hopeless love. Thackeray gives us an adventurous, heartless, brilliant, and detestable. A character of history often makes the atmosphere of a name. Bonnie Prince Charlie is perhaps responsible for a succession of prodigals who are permitted to bear no other name. "You see that the novelists, who have looked truth in the face, have always done their naming in line with law. Is it any wonder, when once you realize the influence of a name on a person, that savages, ignorant persons, and children have felt that one who knew their name had power over them? Religion and chivalry have been in the right of it, when they make the act of naming the most sacred ceremony in a man's life. Rightly they felt that baptism and knightly determine the direction of character development and soul growth."—Ex.

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We have laid out for immediate clearing, also, everything in Chinese Wicker furniture, taking a liberal discount off every article. You will now be crowding to your summer home. Be sure and have these specialties in summer furniture with you.

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done their naming in line with law. Is it any wonder, when once you realize the influence of a name on a person, that savages, ignorant persons, and children have felt that one who knew their name had power over them? Religion and chivalry have been in the right of it, when they make the act of naming the most sacred ceremony in a man's life. Rightly they felt that baptism and knightly determine the direction of character development and soul growth."—Ex.

Fate.

Once there were two beautiful white eggs laid side by side in a nice new nest. A great big man gathered them up with his rough hands and sold them to a grocer. And one little egg was a good little egg, and went into an angel cake, but the other little egg was a very, very bad little egg, and got mashed on an actress.

Verestchagin, the artist who is painting a large picture of the Battle of San Juan Hill, with President Roosevelt as the central figure, was very much depressed over New York's sky-line, when he visited the metropolis fifteen years ago. He said that the occasional skyscraper was a painful blot on the landscape; that it made the sky-line a terrible thing to behold. The other day, after long contemplation of it and the scores of big buildings which load down the Island of Manhattan, he is said to have turned to a friend and remarked: "Really" (a pause), "it begins to be grand."

She—I am afraid that mother saw you kiss me last night. He—What makes you think so? She—Well, I know that she passed the conservatory some time between eight and eleven.—"Town Topics."

Little gobs of powder. Little specks of paint. Make the little freckle look as if it ain't.

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"La Presse" Entertains.

M. Lamallice of "La Presse," Montreal, and Mr. T. M. Humble, local manager, entertained a number of prominent newspaper men and patrons of the paper on the occasion of the opening of their new offices in Toronto on Saturday last, at 72 King street west. The affair was a decided success. A swell luncheon was provided by McConkey. Speeches and jollity prevailed. The offices are handsomely furnished in Flemish oak furniture, and the walls and ceilings elaborately decorated in the newest tints and designs. Many expressions were heard in commendation of "La Presse's" enterprise.

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

Births.

Langmuir—July 2, Toronto, Mrs. Frank H. Langmuir, a son.
Drummond—July 3, Toronto, Mrs. H. A. Drummond, a son.
Gibb—July 2, Toronto, Mrs. Alf. O. Gibb, a son.
Godfrey—July 4, Toronto, Mrs. H. H. Godfrey, a daughter.
Pollard—July 5, Toronto, Mrs. James H. Pollard, a daughter.
Burton—July 6, Toronto, Mrs. Edgar S. Burton, a daughter.
Cuthbertson—June 28, Toronto, Mrs. (Dr.) C. E. Cuthbertson, a daughter.
Robb—July, Toronto, Mrs. Alf. P. Robb, a daughter.

Marriages.

HAY-BAILEY—By Rev. John Pearson, M.A., rector of Holy Trinity Church, on Saturday, July 5, 1902, at Toronto, John Gilmour Hay of Clute, Macdonald, Macintosh & Hay, barristers, Toronto, to Helen J., daughter of J. C. Bailey, M.L.C., Toronto.
Burdon—Howard—July 3, Toronto, Alfred F. Burdon to Annie Juliet Howard.
Moir—Linnell—July 1, Toronto, James E. P. Moir, Esq., a daughter.
Forrest—Kirk—June 18, Toronto, F. Forrest to Jessie Kathleen Kirk.
Tremear—Baker—June 30, Detroit, William J. Tremear to Pearl Becker.
Kling—Douglas—July 1, Toronto, Charles A. King to Charlotte Douglas.
Grassick—MacKenzie—July 2, Deer Park, John Stuart Grassick to Jean Drysdale MacKenzie.
Coulter—Woodidge—June 28, Toronto, William Charles Coulter to Lydia Georgia Woodidge.
Struthers—Leslie—July 5, Toronto, Thomas F. Struthers to Marion B. Leslie.
Fetherston—Thomson—July 5, Toronto, Joseph R. Fetherston to Annie C. Thomson.
Herbert—Clubb—July 7, Toronto, Walter J. Herbert to Emily B. Clubb.
Grant—Maclean—July 8, Oakville, Charles Ernest Cecil Grant to Mary Harriet Maclean.
Morley—Mullin—June 28, Toronto, Harry B. Morley to Emma Alberta Mullin.
Mackay—Bull—Brampton, Robert Osborne Mackay to Sarah Mary Caroline Bull.

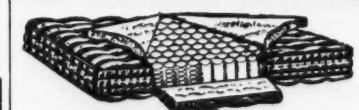
Deaths.

Webb—July 2, Toronto, Mary Ann Webb, aged 83.
Mackie—July 2, Toronto, Mrs. William Mackie.
Sparling—July 3, Toronto, Christopher George Sparling, aged 76.
Benson—July 3, Toronto, Thomas H. Benson, aged 29.
Gardhouse—July 4, Toronto, Jean Gardhouse, aged 69.
Westbrook—July 5, Toronto, Mrs. H. S. Westbrook, aged 40.
Tinning—July 6, Toronto, Thomas T. Tinning, aged 72.
Casey—July 7, Toronto, Michael Casey, aged 3.
Hornung—July 6, Toronto, James Hornung, aged 63.
Chisholm—July 8, Toronto, Alexander Chisholm, aged 85.
Haskett—July 8, Toronto, William Haskett, aged 46.
Preston—July 8, Toronto, Mrs. Robert U. Preston, aged 73.
Tempest—July 7, Toronto, Mrs. Mary H. Tempest, aged 80.
Appleton—July 8, Toronto, Frederick C. Appleton, aged 27.
McGivern—July 8, Hamilton, Mrs. W. J. McGivern.

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